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There was that Jolly Bachelor, Fresh from Kalamazoo, with plenty of Lettuce and "Object Matrimony" written all over him, whose First date was his Last.

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Ditto for that quiet Casanova who took her to the Early Movies then Dropped her on her own Doorstep at half-past-nine.

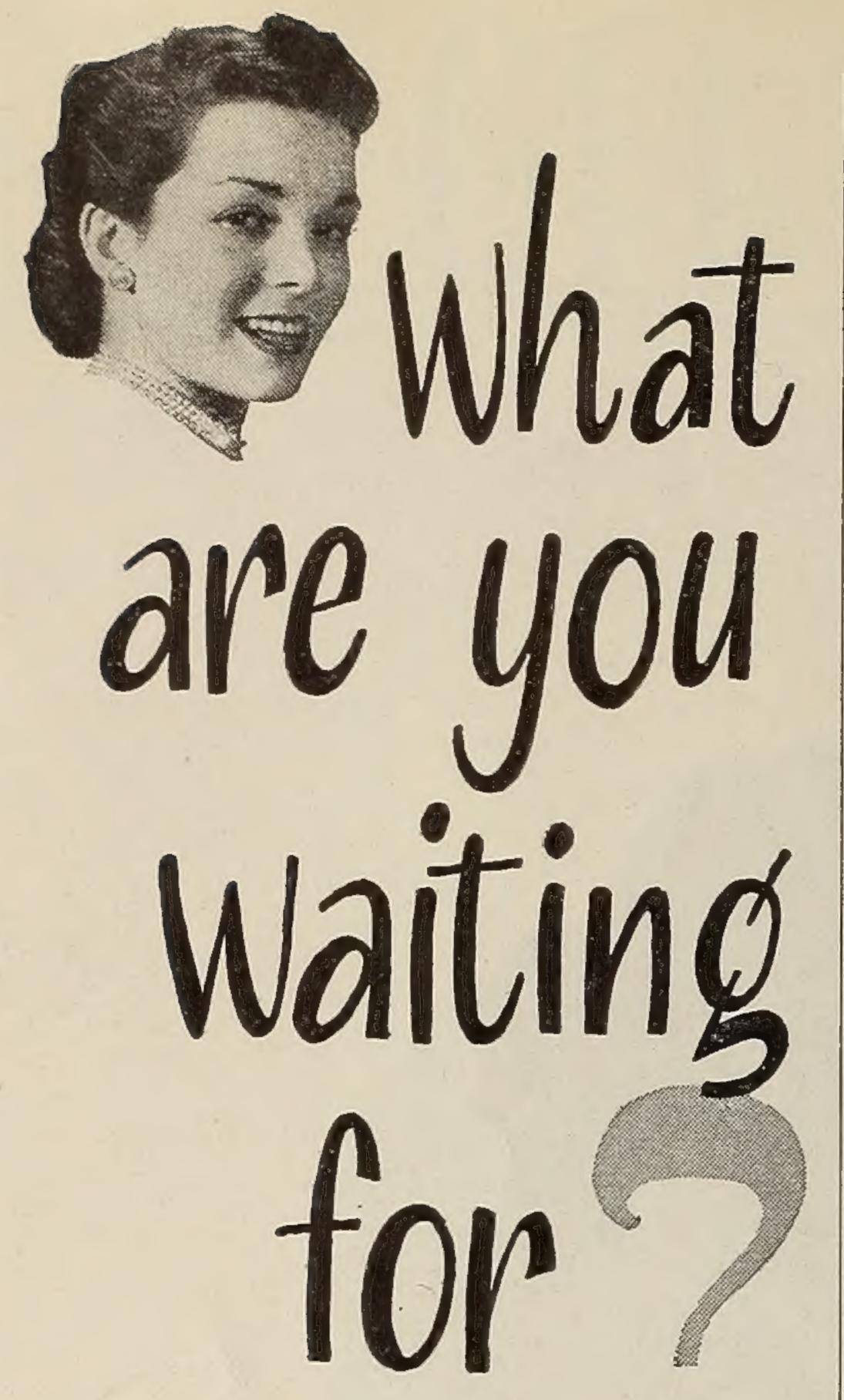
That isn't going to happen this time. Buttercup's got a new Boy Friend and she intends to Keep Him. She isn't going to let Halitosis (unpleasant breath) Snap the String in Cupid's Bow. This time She'll be Sweet Little Buttercup because she's going back Right Now to let Listerine Antiseptic look after her breath.

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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

SCREENLAND

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n Editor Production Manager

Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

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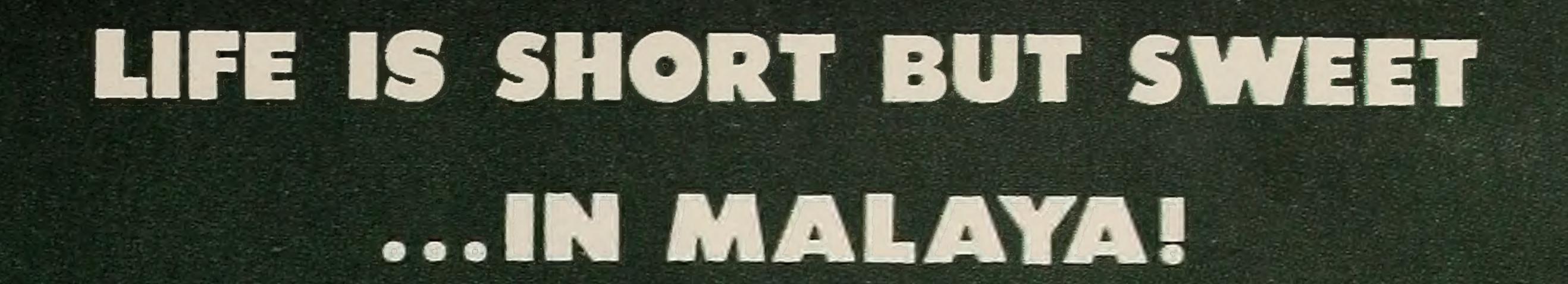
ON THE COVER, LINDA DARNELL, STARRING IN

"EVERYBODY DOES IT," A 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM

ARTHUR KAPLAN
Circulation Manager (Newsstand Div.)

A. E. CARDWELL Circulation Manager (Subscription Div.)

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Yes...in that sultry danger-spot known as Malaya, you kiss a girl with your eyes wide open —and a gun in your hand!

M-G-M presents

SPENCER JAMES TRACY STEWART VALENTINA CORTESA NA LAYA"

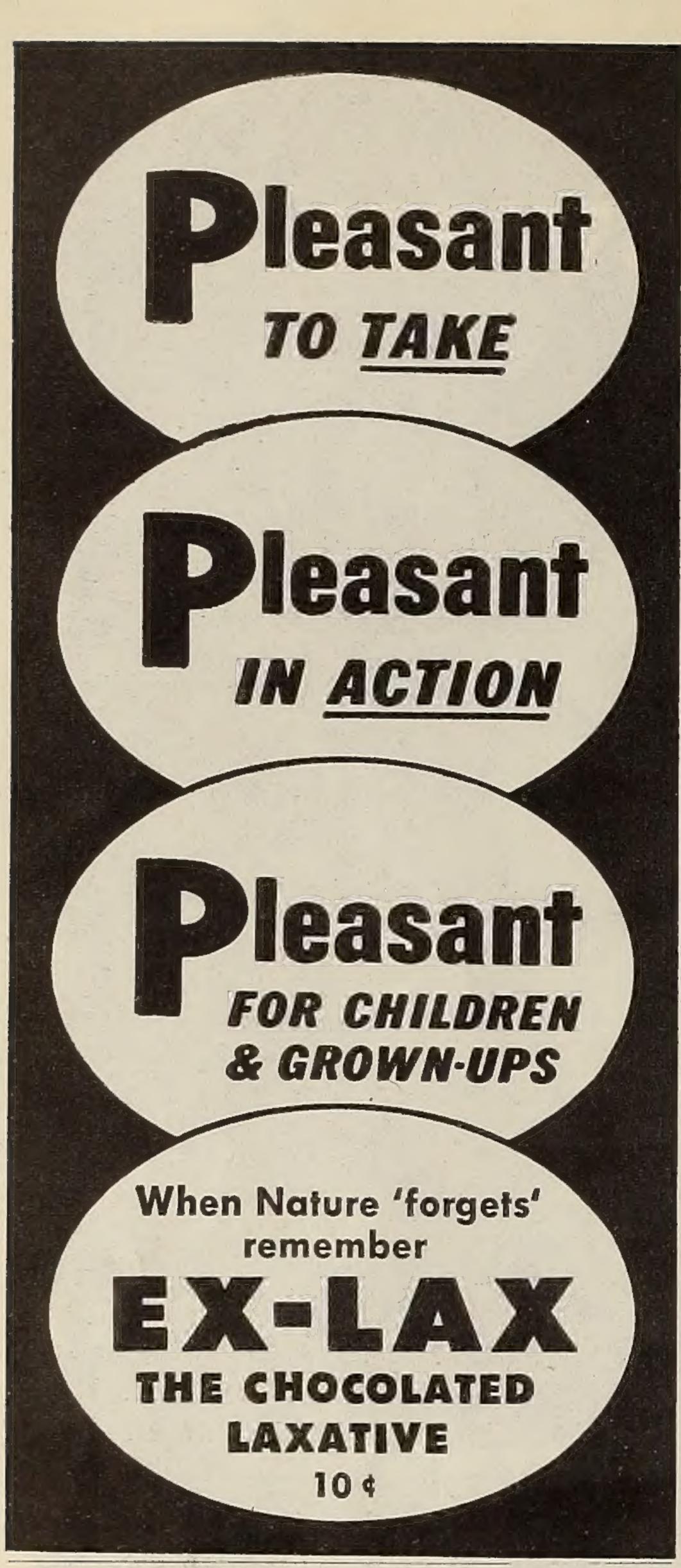
CO-STARRING

SYDNEY GREENSTREET-JOHN HODIAK LIONEL BARRYMORE

Screen Play by FRANK FENTON • Based On An Original Story by MANCHESTER BODDY

Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPF

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



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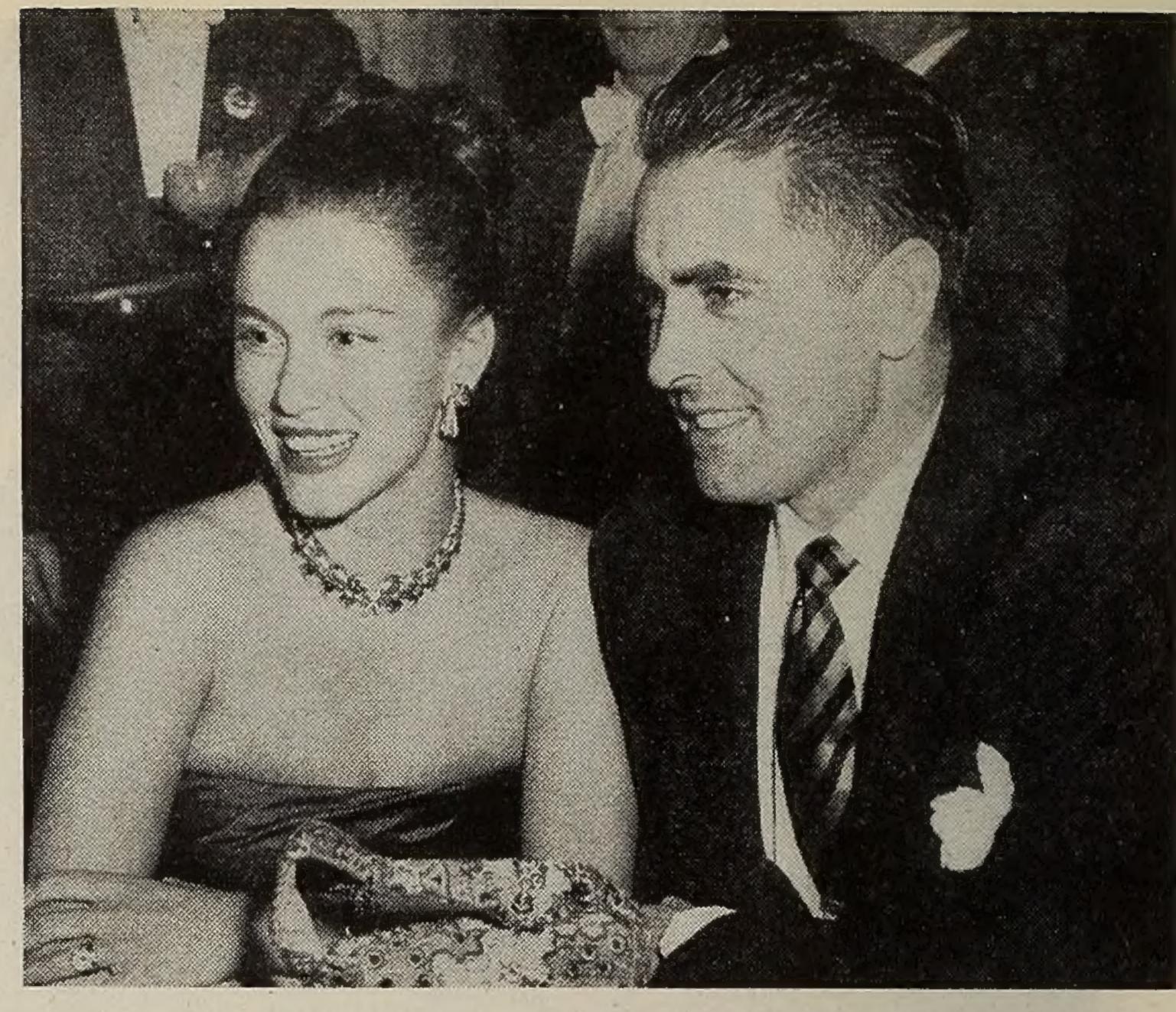
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Name	
Address	

While in New York, enroute home after a year abroad, Tyrone Power and his bride, Linda Christian, attend gay supper party at Waldorf-Astoria.



TO MATTER how many costumes they are required to wear for camera purposes during the year, there's one occasion all the film stars look forward to, when they can design their own outfits and come to a party garbed as fantastically as they wish.

This is the annual Press Photographers' Ball where the men who snap the shutters entertain the glamourous folk who have been posing in front of their lenses all year.

It's a fancy dress affair in every sense of the term and your favorite film folk raid everything from studio wardrobes to the kitchen pantry to find bizarre effects to wear for this particular event.

Because they can come—and go—as they please, you'll find that many of the stars find a release in appearing in a garb they've always wanted to don, but which

their film roles have never permitted them to wear. That is, Betty Grable will discard the low-revealing bosom line of her current dance hall hostess role and cover her shapely, black net-stockinged legs, to appear as a demure Southern belle, complete with fichu, black velvet collar and hoop-skirted crinoline, which reveals only a slight glimpse of the fabled Grable ankles. So with Jeanne Crain and Donna Reed, both of whom are doomed in their picture parts to wear gingham, calico and other corn-bred costumes. These beauties suddenly emerge in tons of tulle, taffeta and towering plumes, just to show their camera-conscious hosts how they would look if the directors would give them different parts.

I must say at this year's gala, many of the gals went in for "type casting"-or

Roz Russell and Fred Brisson on board the Queen Elizabeth prior to sailing for Europe.



Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer continue to be Hollywood's most intriguing twosome.



"Maybe I am just a 'dame' and didn't know it!"



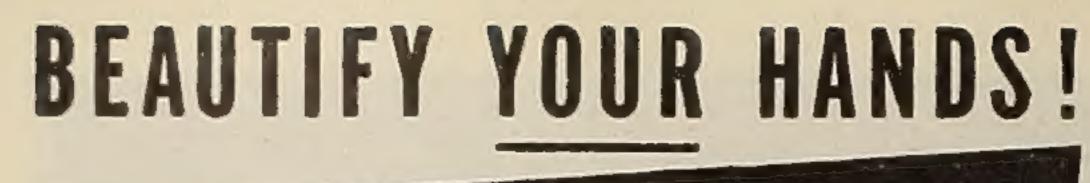
production starring

BARBARA STANWYCK-WENDELL COREY

with PAUL KELLY · JOAN TETZEL · Directed by Robert Siodmak

Screenplay by Ketti Frings • From a story by Marty Holland







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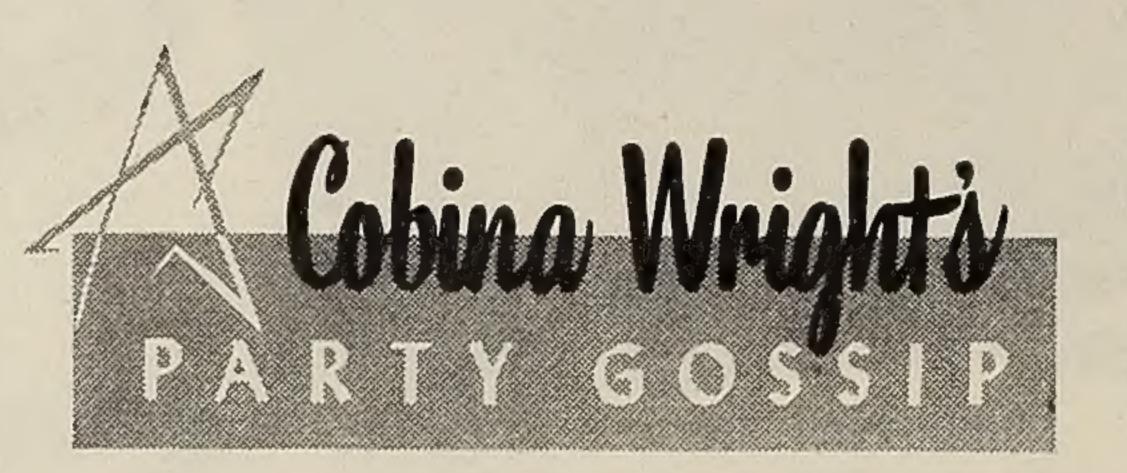
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Dept. 4432

Cecile Aubry, soon to be seen in "The Black Rose," gets a lesson in the art of eating with chopsticks from Ley On, owner of a famous London restaurant.

Music hath charms and Jimmy Stewart's piano playing on the "Malaya" set intrigues Valentina Cortesa, who appears with him and Spencer Tracy in film.





at least stuck to their roles. Arlene Dahl, who is one of the most gorgeous girls in Hollywood, but who is quite modest, came as "Helen of Troy" and like the fabled siren of Homer's, she launched a thousand sighs when she entered Ciro's swank cafe, where this year's ball was held. Some of the sighs turned to handcovered whispers when they discovered that the beauteous Arlene was being escorted by Bob Thompson, instead of her steady date, Lew Ayres. It seems that Lew, who hates public functions, although this is strictly a private invitational affair, refused to take Arlene-and that is what broke up the romance which



has been so highly highlighted in the headlines recently.

Cute little Ann Blyth came as a helicopter with a little propeller on her bustle and a matching one on the front of her black net headdress, while her escort Roddy McDowall appropriately met the occasion by dressing as an aviator.

Jeanne Crain emerged as a Roman glamour girl of Caesar's day with her handsome husband, Paul Brinkman, as an armored gladiator to protect her.

Probably the most sensational effect was created by cute Vera-Ellen and Rocky Hudson. Covered in gold paint from head to foot, they came as "Mr. and Mrs. Oscar." But while trying to represent living Academy Award statuettes may be spectacular, it has its disadvantages, too. They brought a gallon of alcohol in their car, in case the metal paint should make them ill and they should have to remove it. Half way through the evening, Rocky was seen to





Sid Grauman shows Jeanne Crain where to write her name in cement in forecourt of his Chinese Theatre as her eldest son, Paul Brinkman, Jr., watches.

Ann Sheridan, one of the few big Hollywood stars to make appearance on television in Los Angeles, is guest of Kay Mulvey on her Open House TV show.

1950'S 'TEN-BEST' LIST WILL START WITH Warner Bros'

"So good it tops
the stage play! A
new star is born!"
- LOUELLA PARSONS

"Richard Todd gives the greatest performance of the year!"

— HEDDA HOPPER

Bravo!

An Oscar

Contender!!

"The Hasty
Heart' will
win your heart!"
- LOUIS SOBOL

WAS IT LOVE...

WAS IT PITY...?

Hant-

"The comment's terrific! Richard Todd's sure to be nominated for an oscar!"

— DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Chosen as
Redbook's Picture
of the Month

"One of the best pictures I've seen!"

— FRANK FARRELL

D-ABOUT, RAVED-ABOUT CE 'JOHNNY BELINDA'!

IA NEAL RICHARD TODD

SCREEN PLAY BY RANALD MacDOUGALL

"It's No. 1

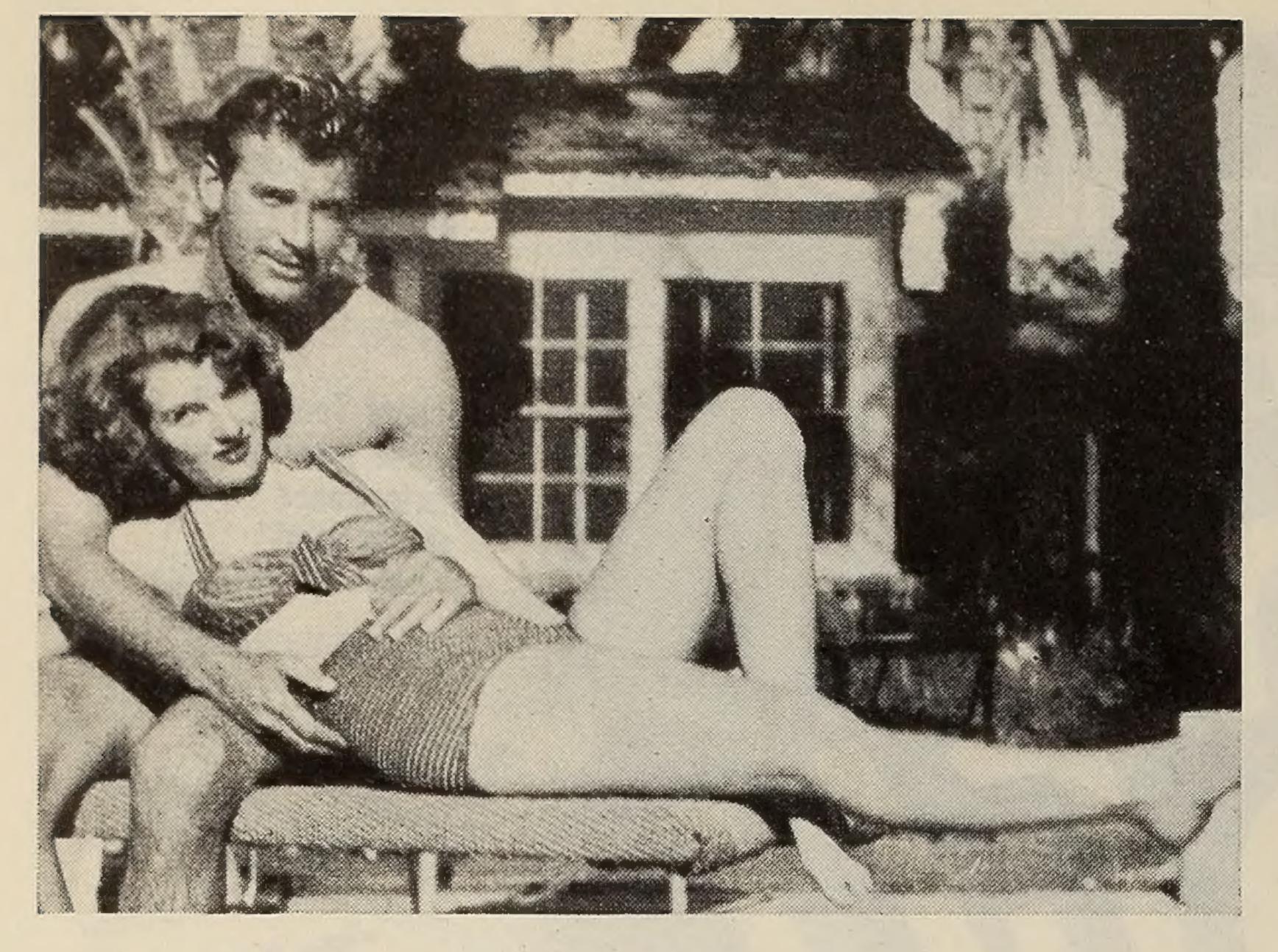
on my Movieon my MovieHit Parade!"

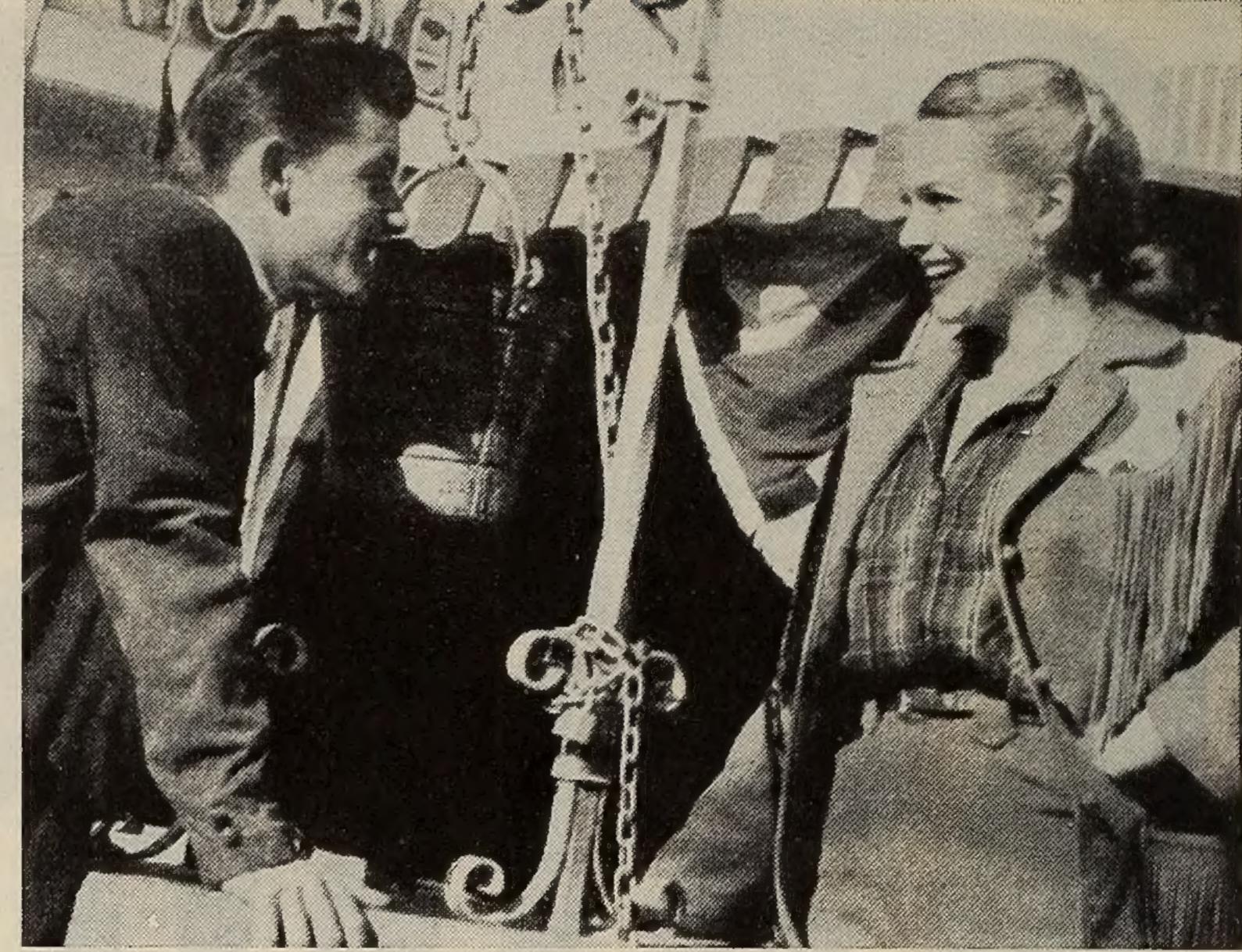
- GUY LOMBARDO

Winner of Parents' Magazine Medal Award

"It's enormous!"

— PHOTOPLAY





After dip in the pool, Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield relax in the desert sun.



dash out to the parking lot and come back shortly, looking slightly gray around the cheeks and wearing a pair of borrowed slacks. Vera-Ellen also felt some uncomfortable results. Some of the gold paint got under her eyelids and she wasn't able to report to the studio the next morning.

Betty Hutton made a rip-roarin' entrance as Annie Oakley in the outfit designed for her role in "Annie Get Your Gun," toting two guns and a mustache which she dared any sharpshooter to shoot off at fifty paces.

Although it was hard to identify them, those blackface waiters and waitresses were Esther Williams and Ben Gage, who persuaded their friends, the Keenan Wynns and the Joe Kirkwood, Jrs., to don the same sooty disguise and act like the help from Esther and Ben's new restaurant—The Trails.

Cary Grant and Marilyn Mercer rehearsing their lines for a Radio Theatre program.



The Bromfields stop at the Wonder Palms for lunch during trek into the desert.

Lovers' quarrels as well as romantic hitches caused many switches that evening in addition to the Arlene Dahl-Lew Ayres splitup. Ava Gardner, who had been having another tiff with Howard Duff, showed up with Designer Michael Wolfe, who literally "fixed" her by duplicating one of the costumes he arranged for her to wear in "Carriage Entrance." It was a white strapless number of the 1900 period, but the stays bound her so unmercifully

James Hilton with Ann Blyth, his air show guest. Ann's now in "Free For All."



Roddy McDowall, Barbara Britton, at wishing well of The Doll House, desert cafe.

that Ava said she wished she'd stayed home in "Levis." Also having a bit of a row was French actress Denise Darcel and Steve Cochran. After a few heated words they broke up, leaving Robert Stack as the gallant escort for Denise the rest of the evening.

SEVERAL of the younger film set
S gathered the following weekend to
join Guy Madison and his beautiful wife,
Gail Russell, in a "Get-Away-From-ItAll" trek which took four couples down
into the desert for more of that sunshine
which seems to have deserted Los Angeles a good deal this Winter.

* * *

Guy and Gail started from Palm Springs, mounted their horses and then rode out to join the other couples who had driven down to mount and meet them. There were Roddy McDowall with Barbara Britton, John Bromfield and his wife, Corinne Calvet, Henry Wilcoxon and his wife, Joan Woodbury. They all started at the Doll House, a desert bistro, which boasts a wishing well, as well as a "Ride-in," the latest version of a Drive-In. Here you can tether your horse by a bin of oats and be served in the saddle yourself, without having to bother to dismount.

"I was anice girl-wasn't I?"

Please wait
until you know
the Truth
about
"My Foolish
Heart"

SAMUEL GOLDWIN

PRESENTS



DANA ANDREWS · SUSAN HAYWARD

MY FOOLISH HEART"

with Robert Keith · Kent Smith · Lois Wheeler · Jessie Royce Landis · Gigi Perreau · Screen Play by JULIUS J. EPSTEIN and PHILIP G. EPSTEIN

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

Directed by

MARK ROBSON

who gave you "Champion" and "Home of the Brave"



Joanne Dru, Broderick Crawford and Walter Burke in "All The King's Men," exciting story hased on the life of the late Huey Long, in which Brod gives a truly magnificent performance.



Three Came Home

20th Century-Fox

HERE are few people who won't be affected by the terrific emotional impact of this account of the horrors of war, based on Agnes Newton Keith's autobiographical book. Claudette Colbert as Mrs. Keith is nothing less than superb. Wife of Patric Knowles, a British government official in North Borneo, she suddenly finds husband, home and all semblance of civilized life torn from her when she and their young son are sent

to a prison camp. The fear, heart-breaking good-byes, furtive meetings with Knowles, imprisoned not far from her, and her struggle to keep alive are shown starkly, minus all manufactured pathos. If anything can take hold as a revealing case against war, this, then, should be seen by everyone.

The Hasty Heart

Warner Brothers

CHARMING and altogether poignant story of a young Scotsman, Richard

Todd, wounded in Burma during World War II, and how his subsequent stay at the hospital base brings warmth of friendship into his bitter empty life. Unfortunately, this new-found happiness is something he'll have briefly since it's only a matter of weeks until he's to die. Everyone knows but Todd, and when he finds out, he distrusts and hates all over again. Beautifully acted by newcomer Todd, Patricia Neal, Ronald Reagan and the rest of the all-male cast, this is a genuine film rarity with bright flashes of humor and the more somber note of a boy trying to find himself. If the screen blurs every now and then, it's no technical problem—only a case of your misty eyes.

Adam's Rib

MGM

RACY, sophisticated comedy about the "happy" married life of two legal eagles. Spencer Tracy is a prosecutor with the District Attorney's Office, and his frau, Katharine Hepburn, is a lady attorney. . . . both of whom get involved when Judy Holliday empties a revolver into her philandering husband. Katie defends Judy in court because she feels that anyone, even a woman, has a right



Richard Todd rebuffs Patricia Neal's attempts to befriend him in "The Hasty Heart."

Heartsick and weary, Claudette Colbert gets little comfort from sympathetic attitude of Sessue Hayakawa, commander at Jap prison camp.

Spencer Tracy takes time out from his rubber smuggling business to romance with Valentina Cortesa, sultry cafe singer, in "Malaya."



We've Gotta Tell The Truth...

It's MORE FUIN Than

"Dear Ruth"

Dear Wife

FOR THE HOWL OF YOUR LIFE!

starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN
JOAN CAULFIELD
BILLY DE WOLFE
MONA FREEMAN
EDWARD ARNOLD

All the wonderful people who made "Dear Ruth" such a riot. ... are back—to invite you to come along on this hilarious honeymoon!

Bill Garagers

Ruth Saacroft

Albert Kummer

Miriam Wilkins

. Judge Wilkins

ARREEN WHELAN MARY PHILIPS

RICHARD MAIBAUM

RICHARD HAYDN

The parties of the disease by Arthus Ideas and the Protest Basic



There's trouble afoot when Errol Flynn, Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson become involved in a three-cornered romance in the MGM film, "That Forsyte Woman."

Janet Leigh and Bob Mitchum in "Holiday Affair," psychological study of a young war widow who tries to make her son a carbon copy of his dad.



Cinderella (Technicolor)

Walt Disney

THAT old Disney touch has come back again in a truly delightful cartoon version of the all-time favorite: Cinderella, a story on which no one needs to be briefed. However, Disney has added a few of his own special trademarks as an extra dividend: Cinderella's absentminded fairy godmother, a bevy of gamin-like mice with whom our heroine is on speaking terms and a menacing villain in the overfed form of a spoiled cat. Glorious color, music and many, many moments of happy business that (Please turn to page 69)

Adults as well as children will enjoy Walt Disney's delightful version of "Cinderella."





Donald O'Connor, Francis the mule, and Pat Medina supply plenty of laughs in "Francis."

Spencer prosecutes because he vehemently holds that no one has the right to attempt to take a life, no matter what. The court battle between the two becomes a home battle as well, especially when Songwriter David Wayne cozies up to Katie. To say the dialogue gets away with a lot is putting it mildly, and just wait till you see those home movies!

All The King's Men

Columbia

VERY thin is the layer of disguise put over this story taken from the real-life political rise of Louisiana's Huey Long. Broderick Crawford, as the back-

country crusader who smashed his way through corrupt local politics and rode his own bandwagon straight to the governorship, does a magnificent job. Because of his own impoverished background, Crawford knows the futility and need of the common people. Unfortunately, his lust for leadership and power got out of control, and reputations, lives, and decency crumbled with each step he took toward his goal. Shockingly realistic scenes of mob adoration and expert performances by Joanne Dru, John Ireland, Anne Seymour, Mercedes MacCambridge and John Derek enhance the general excellence.

That Forsyte Woman (Technicolor)

MGM

STAR-STUDDED drama of a tragic love affair. Greer Garson is the unhappy, but well-cared-for wife of a soulless businessman, Errol Flynn. Lacking genuine love and understanding, she's susceptible when she meets niece Janet Leigh's fiance, Robert Young, an architect. Young pursues Greer ardently until she falls hopelessly in love, but she still is miserable because of the unhappiness they'll cause others. About to send Young on his way, Greer changes her mind when Errol accuses her of vile, ungentile behavior, so she leaves him to run off with the poor but charming Young. However, the elopement never takes place....

Based on John Galsworthy's famous book, "The Forsyte Saga," this is Grade A plush fare with a happy ending thanks to Artist Walter Pidgeon.



Richard Conte and Gene Tierney in 20th's whodunit, "Whirlpool," in which Gene's shoplifting exploits lead to murder and spinechilling excitement.

Barry Fitzgerald and Shirley Temple in a scene from Warner Brothers' "The Story Of Seabiscuit," one of turfdom's biggest money-making attractions.



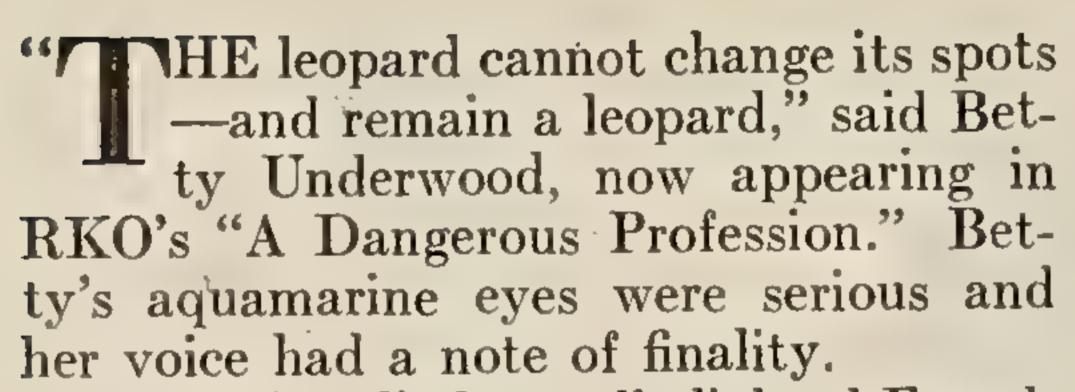


Glamour For The Red-Golds

Betty Underwood, former model now on the way to film success, suggests ways and means to polish your Titian coloring to burnished beauty

By Courtenay Marvin

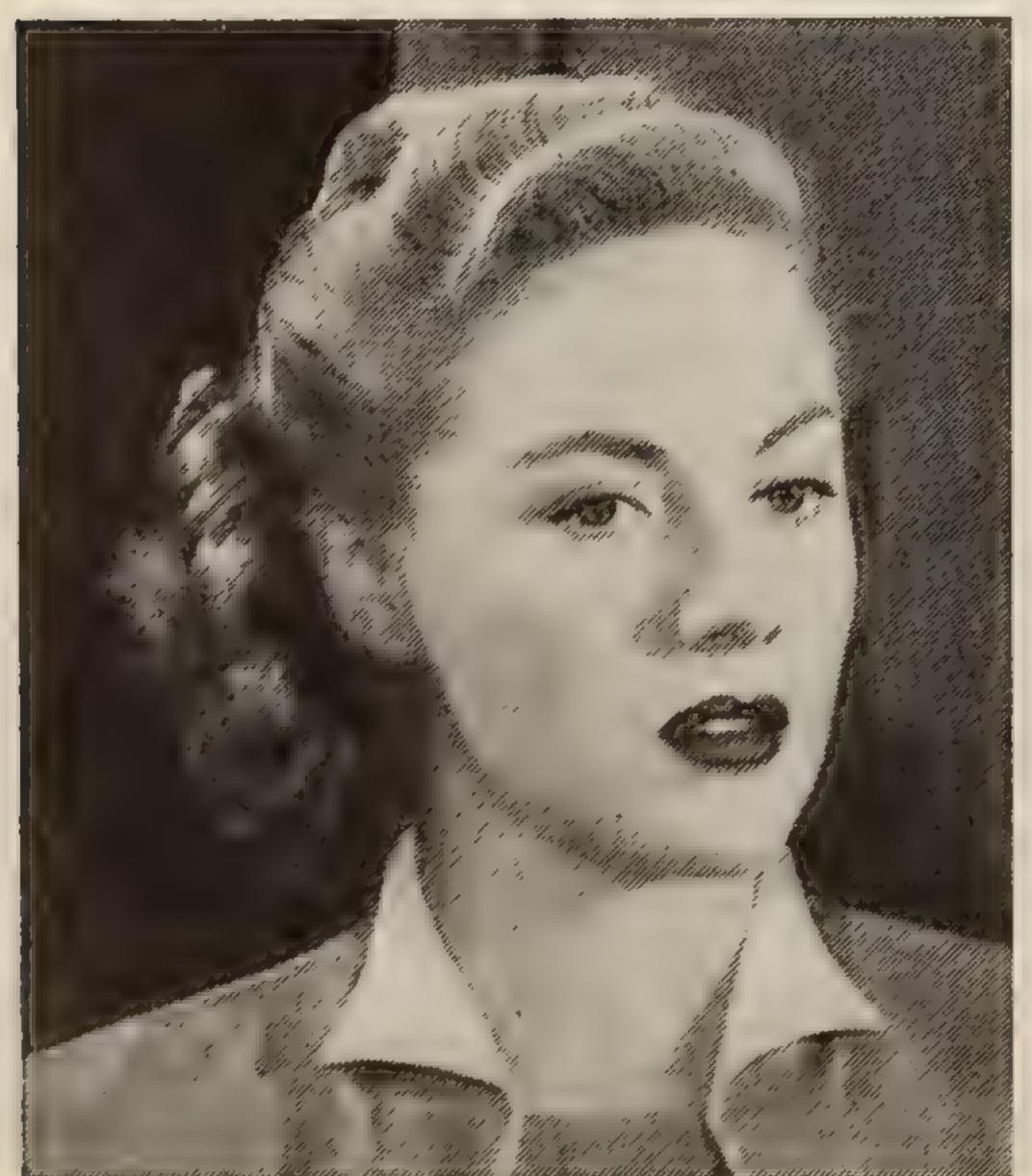
The natural red-gold Betty. She's now in "A Dangerous Profession."



We sat in a little candle-lighted French restaurant just across from Betty's hotel (for girls only). Betty was in New York for a brief respite from Hollywood and was giving an hour, which turned out to be two, to our good looks page. We had started out on the subject of hair, and Betty continued.

"I have been both a platinum blonde and a brunette in the last few years, and now that I'm back to where I naturally started from, I'm going to stay there if I can. For something happens to a personality with a distinct change in hair color. When I was a platinum blonde, I'd go about my business feeling just like Betty Underwood until I looked in a mirror. The reflection used to jolt me out of myself, and I'd go through a little struggle to get my Underwood feet on

Betty' tried being a plantinum blonde for a while, but found it had an odd effect on her.



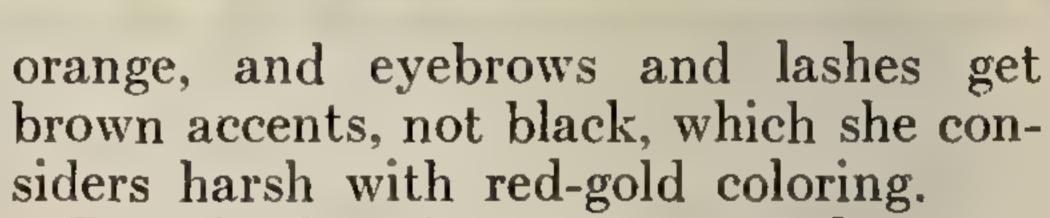
the ground again. I think, however, my real trouble came with being a brunette. I had really black hair and there was something in the blackness that went against my grain. My natural spirits just couldn't rise above that black hair, and just because it really wasn't mine I felt serious when I looked at myself, almost stern, and I think I looked that way, too. Another problem came with my wardrobe. With my hair as it naturally is, I wear warm, tawny colors, and these did nothing for me with ebony hair. I had to buy a new wardrobe. This is something for the girls who contemplate a complete turn-about in hair color to remember. They will need new wardrobe colors. Well, that's behind me now, and with my own hair color again and with it this length, I feel natural and free. It's a wonderful feeling."

Betty shook back her bob, long by present day standards, and candle-light danced through deep, soft waves, burnishing their reddish-gold cast.

I asked Betty what word she had for girls with just so-so hair or with hair a little on the drab side.

"There are so many wonderful rinses that really make up hair, just as a lipstick does the mouth. These just accent you a bit and make your hair pretty and dramatic with sheen and light without drastically changing you. I don't like any decided change. For skin tone must have a relation to hair color, otherwise you look out of color balance."

I asked Betty what she did to accent her warm, pale gold skin tones. She likes an all-over makeup. Sometimes she uses powder over this, sometimes not. Instead of rouge, over her high, rounded and very photogenic cheeks she blends just a touch of quite dark cream makeup. She uses this same tone of makeup over her eyelids and out toward the temples instead of the usual eyeshadow. This gives warmth and vivacity to her face, has some shaping value and does not add a foreign touch, which she thinks red would with her tawny hair. Her lipstick leans toward a brown note, rather than



Betty's favorite costume colors are camel, deep muted green, black, white, tomato red and ice blue, this for evening. She prefers gold to silver for her coloring and her choice is for a little good jewelry rather than a lot of costume glitter.

With the naturally warm, unaffected and alive personality that is Betty Underwood's, we covered much ground. Like a few celebrities of stage and screen, notably the late George M. Cohan, Betty was born on the Fourth of July and comes from Mansfield, Ohio. I asked what path took her to Hollywood and she told me this story.

When she was a little girl, she was knocked down by a car while playing in a street and sustained a double fracture of one leg. Her doctor suggested that dancing lessons might help the little leg after it had mended. Betty took lessons and later this led to participation in school drama- (Please turn to page 72)

Betty Underwood as a brunette. "My natural spirits couldn't rise above that black hair."



• "Every woman wants to keep her figure looking lovely," says Brenda Marshall, famous screen star. "The Ayds way is my way. Ayds helps me to lose weight the way nature intended me to. It keeps me looking and feeling better. Ayds is a wonderful way to reduce."

Brenda Marshall

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

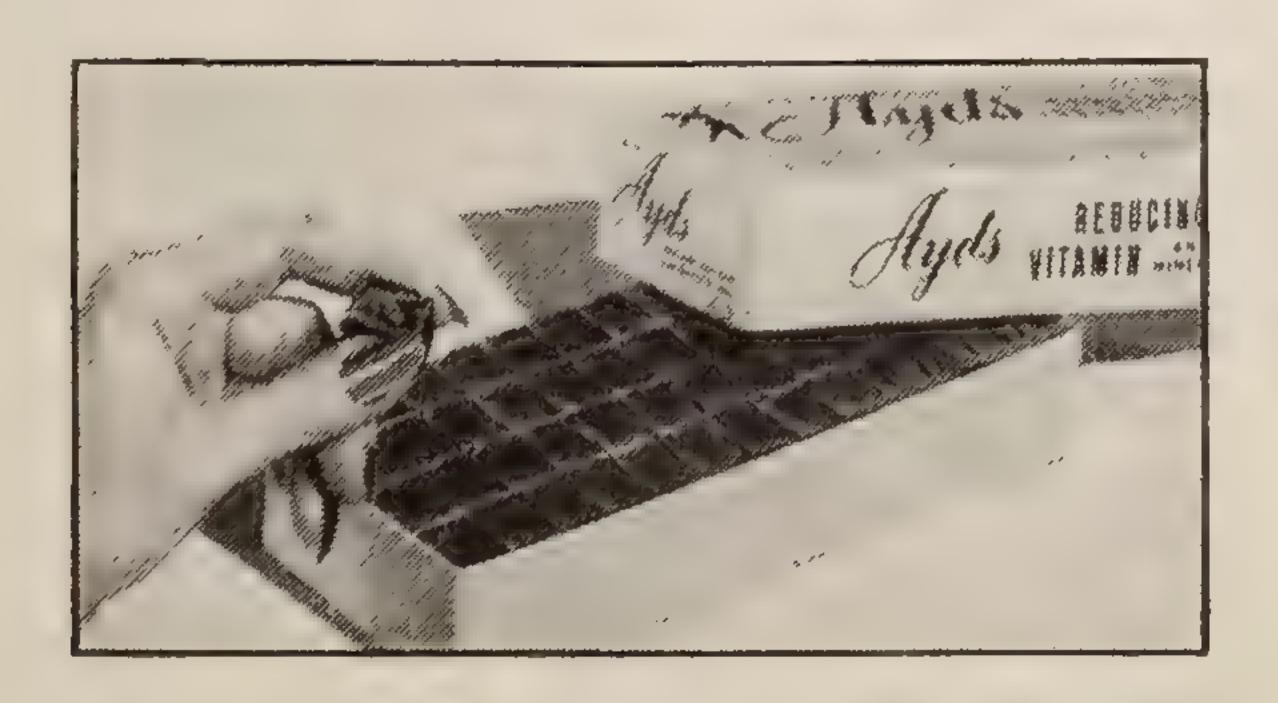
Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Clinical tests conducted by eminent physicians on over 100 persons proved quick, safe weight losses averaging 14 to 15 pounds.

Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full months supply, \$2.89.





A STORY OF TWELVE MEN AS THE WOLL AS THE WAS T

Darryl F. Zanuck presents

stood forward-alone!
GREGORY PECK in
his most exciting role-as
"Savage," who crosses
wings with Destiny!

THE WORLD

STANDS STILL

COCHOCK FILE



starring

GREGORY PECK

HUGH MARLOWE - GARY MERRILL - MILLARD MITCHELL - DEAN JAGGER - ROBERT ARTHUR - PAUL STEWART - JOHN KELLOGG - BOB PATTEN

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK Directed by HENRY KING

Screen Play by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr. . Based on the Novel by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr.



Left: Jane Powell and iceskating star Geary Steffen, recently married in Beverly Hills, smile for photographer from head of their reception line. For both it's their first venture.

Right: Arriving at Church of the Good Shepherd, Jane is escorted by her father, Mr. Paul Burce. The wedding of this young star was attended by many Hollywood notables.

NEWSHEEL











Teresa Wright with her husband, Producer Niven Busch, at Ciro's. They've just made "Daybreak."

The stars themselves like to hear the gossip about their town just as much as you do

By Lynn Bowers

What Hollywood Itself la

Rotund Andy Devine is tickled silly by Adele Jurgens' antics during "The Traveling Saleswoman."

FF and on we'd been hearing so much about what a wonderful spot Apple Valley is that we hied ourselves there for a weekend. Opened a little over a year ago, it has fast become one of Hollywood's most popular year-round desert resorts—now we know why. About a hundred miles from our town, the low, rambling bungalows and the main buildings of the Inn are snuggled down in the lowlands and ringed by mountains. It's peaceful, but there's plenty to do. On one of their visits to Apple Valley, John

Bob Hope and Doris Day on his popular radio show. Bob's in "Fancy Pants" with Lucille Ball.





The Donald O'Connors at Ciro's chatting with Comic Hal March. Donald's latest is "Francis."

and Patti Derek took their first hayride to the foothills for a steak-fry and joined the cowboys and natives singing Western songs. Audrey Totter brought her young sis, Colette, here for a weekend, converted her into a horseback ridin' fan—while Audrey sat around the pool taking it easy. Zachary Scott and his pal, Cesar Romero, also give the horses a daily workout on their trips. They call John

Talking about!



Vincent Price offers Celeste Holm some Hawaiian candy on the "Champagne For Cesar" set.



Above: During their recent trip East, Dale Evans Rogers had a birthday; Roy helped cut the cake.

Below: Victor Mature and Meg Mandell during recent Hollywood Star Theatre radio broadcast.

Lund "Two-Gun" up thar—he must have a yen to do a Western, 'cause he gets all duded up in buckaroo's clothes at A.V. Kirk Douglas spent most of his time playing with Eric and Leeann, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Bass, who own and operate Apple Valley. Sally Forrest, the little gal Ida Lupino discovered and who is now under long term contract to MGM, interrupted the Saturday night square dance to teach the cowboys the rumba. Don and Gwen O'Connor, with Gale Storm and Lee Bonnell, wound up miles away in Barstow on their way to the Inn on account of Don is the short-cut kid and insisted he knew all the cutoffs. Peter Shaw and Angela Lansbury spent most of their time hiking in the nearby mountains while they were there. Cowboy Kenne Duncan carried the mail on horseback from the town of Victorville when Apple Valley became a real town, on the map, and opened its own post office.

This is the spot where "Sword In The Desert" was made by U-I and all the natives are crazy about Dana Andrews, who is also crazy about the natives. Mr. Bass discovered this spot in the desert years ago when he saw the movie "Lost Horizon." He admired the scenery in the pic so much he (Please turn to page 54)





Moviegoers were shocked when Shirley filed suit for divorce last October 12th.

Below: Shirley with her young daughter, Susan, adored by her and John.

small Susan, and that he was mature enough

to realize that some couples require as

much as five years' time to make essential

As for Shirley, she had openly admitted

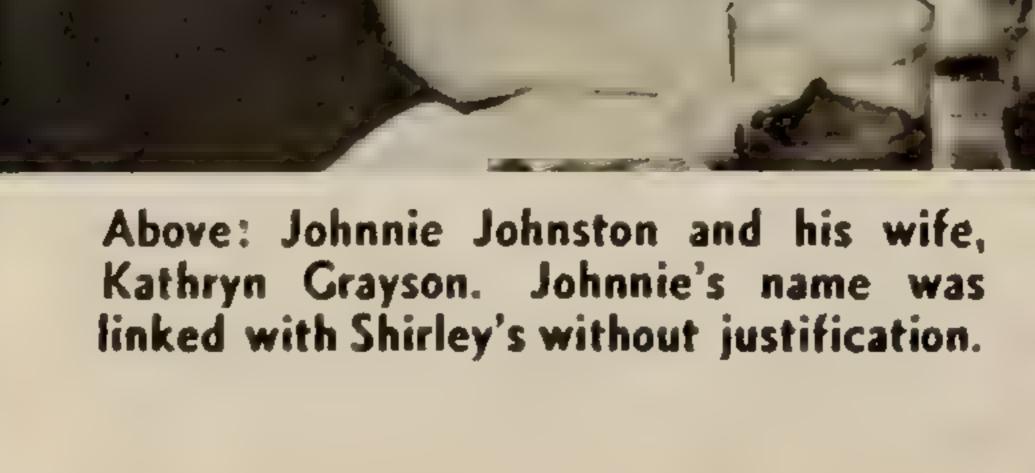
early in September that there were some

instances of unhappiness in her marriage,

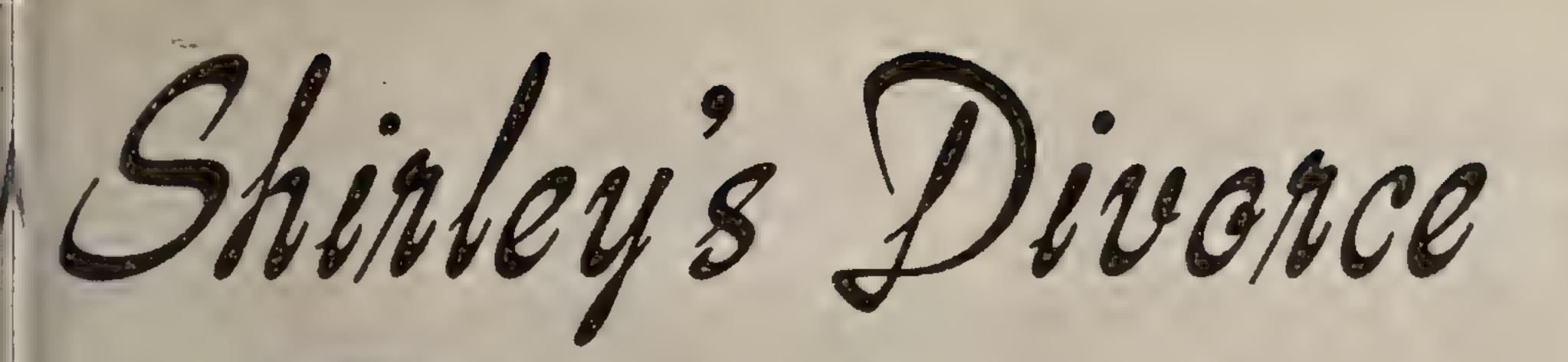
but she added that she was going to do her

best to make her union with Jack both

adjustments.



Left: John and Shirley at a Hollywood nightclub. Shirley enjoyed this type of evening. John preferred staying at home.





After their marriage, John and Shirley seemed to be Hollywood's happiest couple.

permanent and contented.

Three days before she filed suit, she telephoned a close friend to say that she had changed her mind. She couldn't go on. She couldn't "take it" another week.

Those who know Jack well are convinced that he was shocked and surprised when he was served with the legal documents. He had been playing in a golf tournament while Shirley, Susan and Mr. and Mrs. Temple were vacationing in Palm Springs. Jack had been telephoning Shirley every night, and when he left Los Angeles Tuesday morning, bound for Palm Springs, Jack told friends that he would spend the rest of the week with Shirley. Certainly that was not the statement of a man who knew he was about to be invited to move.

Before going into the tragedy of this marriage failure, it might be interesting to read the words of an expert on divorce. For ten years, Dr. Clifford R. Adams, professor of psychology at Pennsylvania State College, has made a study of marriage and divorce. Here is what he has to say about marital friction: "When causes for unhappiness in marriage are segregated, they are found to include:

(Please turn to page 56)



Above: When Susan arrived it was believed that their struggle with marital adjustments would be ended for Shirley and John.

Right: During their courtship days. Shirley was 17 when they married. John was 24. His movie career began after the War.

John comes of a family who've long held an enviable social position.





Clark Gable welcomes Loretta Young to MGM to co-star with him in "Key To The City."



Chatting between scenes. Loretta impressed Clark with the way she went about her job.



"Loretta glories in being a woman," says Clark, enjoying checker game with her.

Meet A Great Lady

"The carefree kid I worked with 12 years ago has matured into a great lady and real trouper," says the King

By Clark Gable

BEFORE setting down a few observations on Loretta Young, I decided to check up on a few newspapers and magazines in which interviews were published, just to see how a guy goes about this sort of thing.

When I finished this research I was in more trouble than I had been when I started. Maybe that's always one trouble with putting yourself wise—the more you learn, the less you know.

I found out that if you're going to write a story about anyone, you should discover a few startling facts about your subject: like she had hunted tigers in Africa, or she paints portraits of Amazon savages, or she buys all of her clothing to match her mauve (whatever color that is) station wagon.

Well, Loretta simply doesn't provide

"Loretta has the happy quality of never being bored. Everything interests her."

When Clark asked Loretta to pose prettily while he took her picture, she gaily did.

any startling facts. She is the nicest, sweetest, sincerest, most normal girl you would want to meet. If she were a man, her friends would say of her that she was a swell Joe.

I met Loretta about twelve years ago, when we were what is laughingly called "co-starred" in the same picture. The only star in that picture was the weather. We arrived in Bellingham, Washington, one afternoon in the midst of a blizzard which kept right on blizzarding for nine days. We were quartered, about thirty of us, in an airy building intended for use during the July heat wave. Brrrrother was it cold! (Please turn to page 58)









Clark and Loretta rehearsing their lines. "Another ingratiating Gable quality is that he is always willing to do what a friend wants to do. He is supremely the good scout."

Just Call Him King

I FIRST met Clark Gable about twelve years ago when we co-starred in a woodsy drama entitled "The Call Of The Wild." Although we were given top billing, the real star of the picture was a massive dog named Buck. The rest of us, compared to the instant attention Buck's slightest bark commanded, were no more impressive than a chorus of gnats.

"The years have brought changes within Clark Gable. He's a better actor now than ever, a wiser human being"

Buck lived in a steam-heated trailer; the rest of us shivered in the Summer quarters of a rustic hotel whose Winter quarters had burned the previous year.

When our picture company was marooned for nine days by twenty-one feet of snow, Buck was accorded the steaks our larder afforded whereas the rest of us were reduced to crackers, scrambled eggs and breakfast cereal.

After the storm had abated, we went to work in temperatures which ranged from ten to thirty degrees below zero.

This is the way the scenes were worked out: the human members of the company were sent for, rehearsed, and stationed in their places. THEN the word would be sent out for Buck to be rushed from his cosy quarters into camera range. He would do his bit. The instant the camera stopped turning, Buck would be hurried back to his plush apartment while we chilblained actors flailed ourselves with our arms to keep from congealing. We also smiled wanly in Buck's direction just to keep our facial muscles from freezing.

Throughout this murderous situation, the only person who never lost his temper, and who never looked at Buck and wondered how Huskie steaks would taste, was Clark Gable. No matter how trying the working and living conditions became, he was always the affable gentleman, who made no demands upon his fellow workers. He expected no favors—although he was a big star even then—and when tempers flared he would say peaceably, "We (Please turn to page 60)



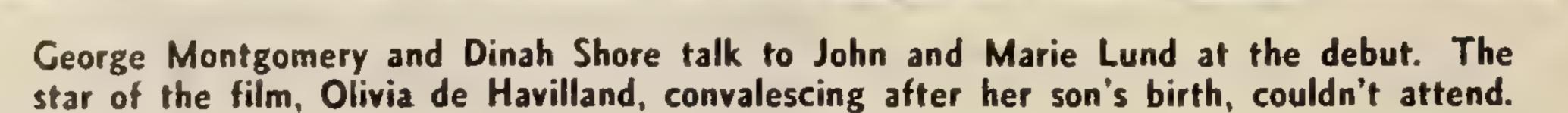




Lee MacGregor, of "Twelve O'Clock High," and Marilyn Maxwell, the "Key To The City's" bubble dancer, arm in arm at the premiere of Paramount's "The Heiress."

Coquette Corinne Calvet, in "When Willie Comes Marching Home," flirting with the camera under the nose of her handsome husband, John Bromfield, at the Carthay Circle.







Lita Baron gets orchids from her bridegroom, Rory Calhoun, at the premiere of the picture.



Claudette Smith takes Roddy McDowall's tip about Jerome Courtland with a grain of salt.

Hiding behind that Jerry Colonna-ish moustache is Gregory Peck, with his wife, Greta, at "The Heiress." He grew the luxuriant spinach for his role in "The Gun Fighter."



Glamour Has Its Evening

There were as many stares as stars at "The Heiress" debut when Elizabeth Taylor arrived on the arm of Montgomery Clift.

Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd and his wife got a tumultuous cheer from adults as well as youngsters at the Carthay Circle.



O the fans who stood for hours in the streets leading to the Carthay Circle, where Paramount's "The Heiress" was premiered, hoping for a glimpse of their beloved favorites, it was one of the most spectacular opening nights they had ever witnessed. Stars and the near stars, distinguished studio heads poured into the theatre on a floodtide of glamour... a thrilling reward for their loyalty and patience. Not only did the stars enjoy the adulation, but "The Heiress" proved an absorbing drama with performances so brilliant from Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson and Miriam Hopkins, they surely will be recalled when the Academy Awards are bestowed again.

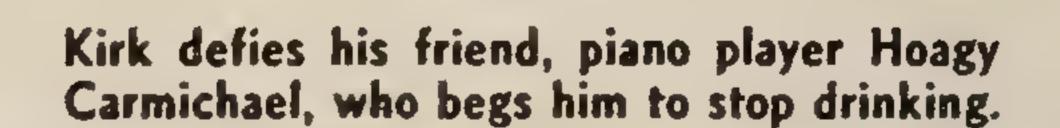


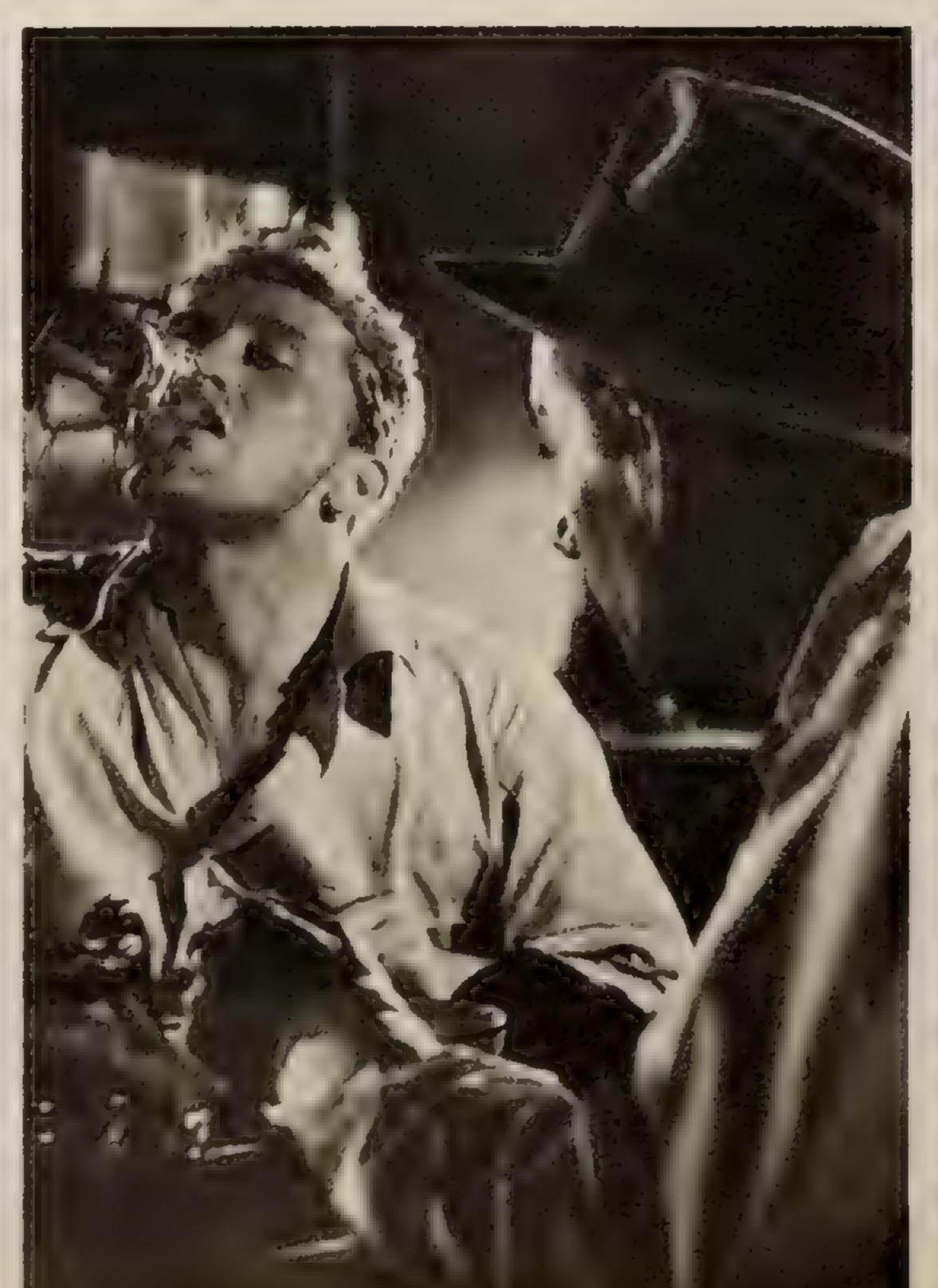


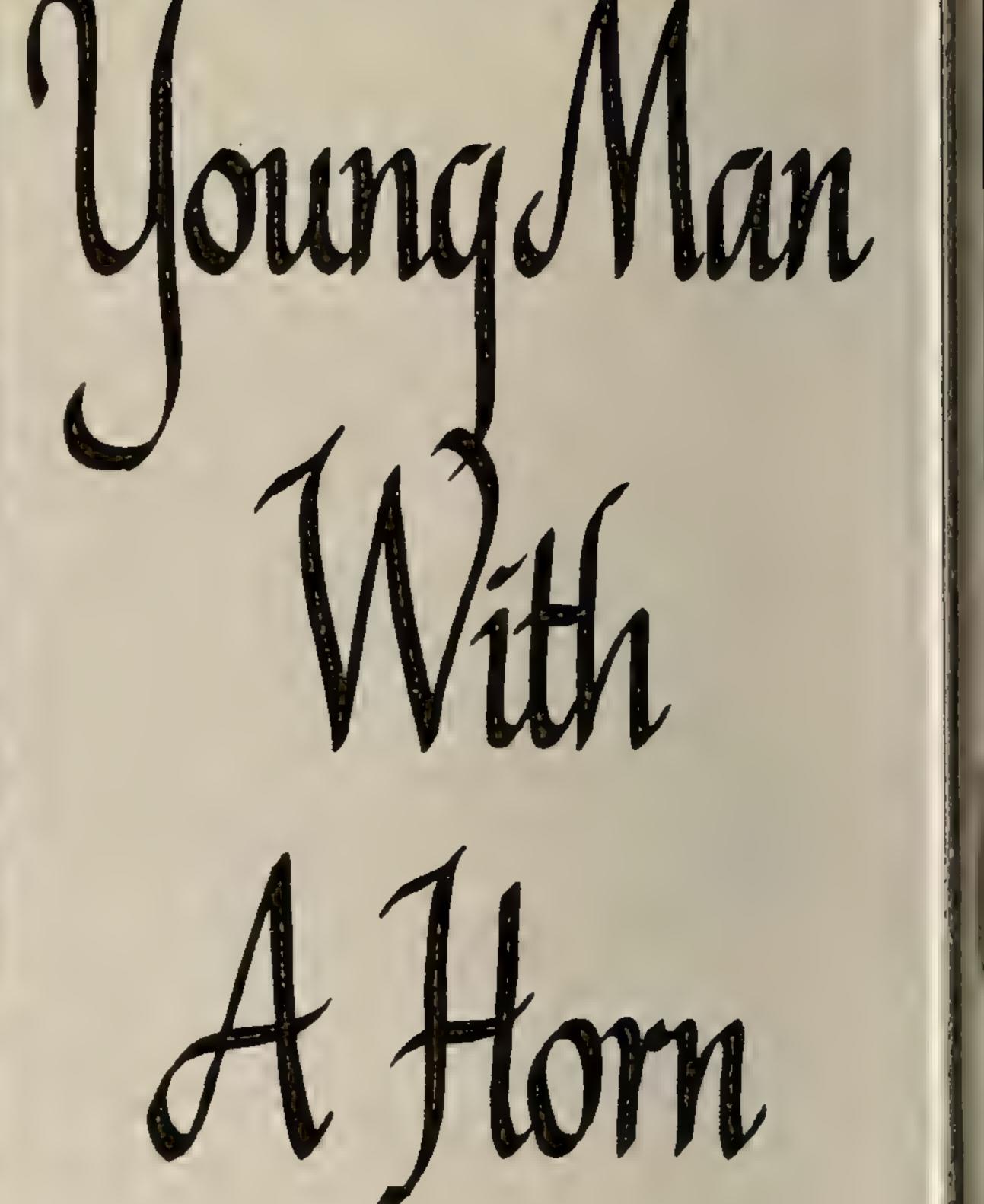




Dan Seymour expresses his contempt for Kirk Douglas in "Young Man With A Horn."







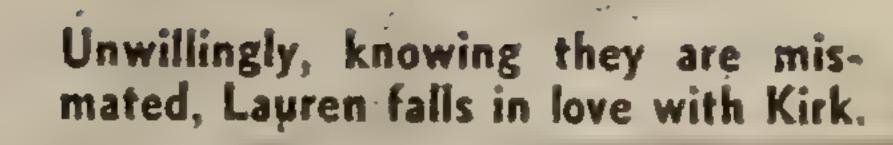
IRK DOUGLAS falls in love suddenly and irrevocably in "Young Man With A Horn," when, as a boy, he first hears the sweet wail of the trumpat. From then on, nothing is so important in his life as his horn. He joins that fraternity of musicians to whom jazz is food and drink and, in the music he makes, forgets his poverty and loneliness. At the peak of his career, Kirk falls in love with a magnetic but unstable girl. The torture of trying to live her kind of life and remain true to his own starts him drinking and he becomes a real alcoholic when their marriage fails. His betrayal is complete when he turns to his beloved horn and finds he is no longer able to play.

Doris Day, vocalist in a band Kirk's with, understands him and his love for his horn.



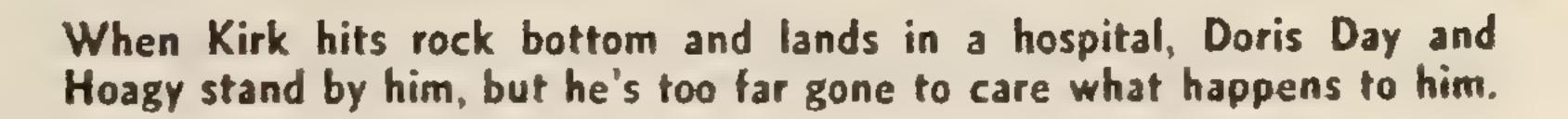








The happiest period in Kirk's life is when he and Hoagy knock around together in "Young Man With A Horn," playing their own kind of music.









Even to intimates the Doziers' marriage was so ideal that their separation was a shock.





Roses Have Thorns

Burt Lancaster's back comes in handy on Radio Theatre when Joan corrects dialogue.

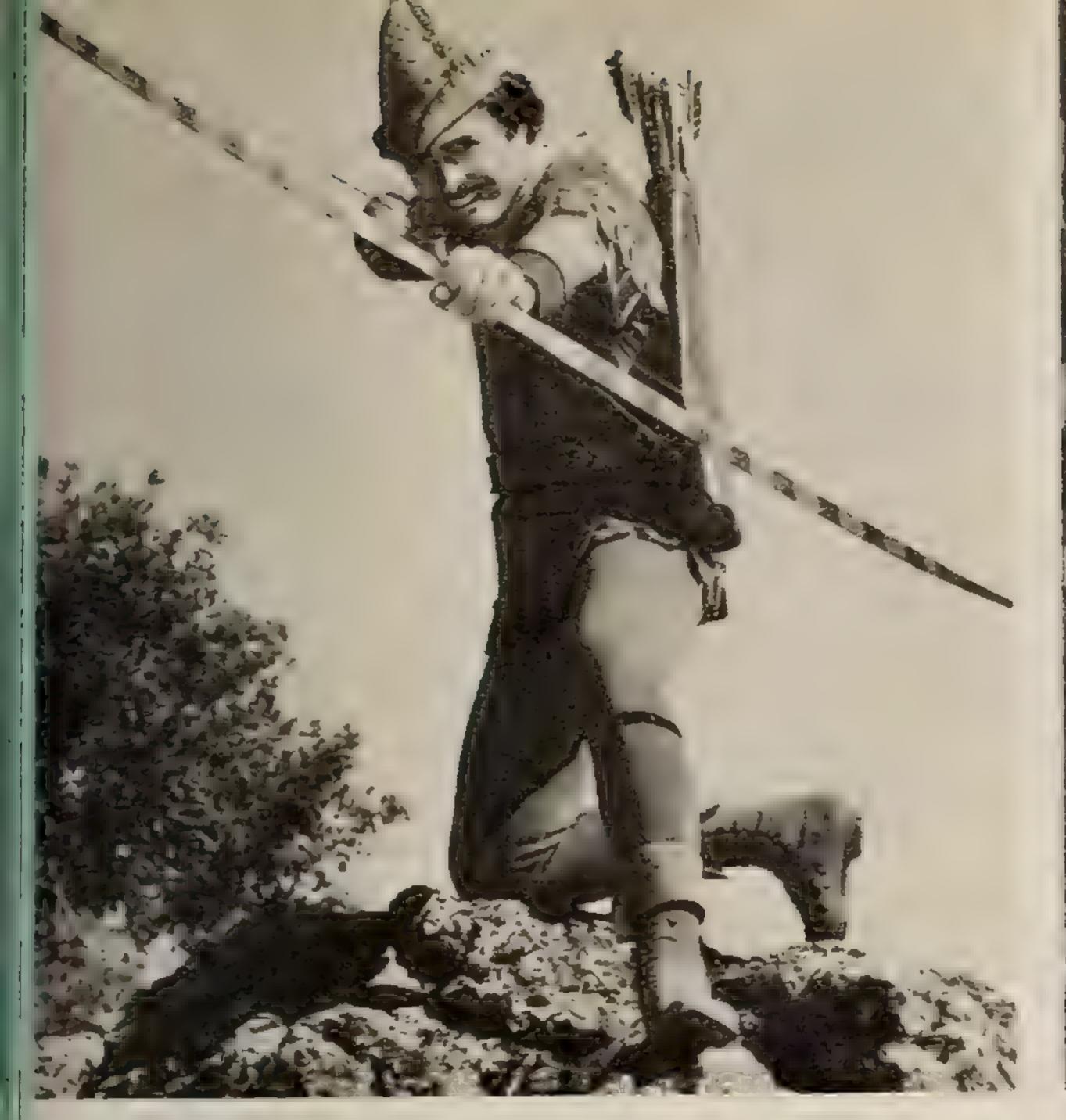


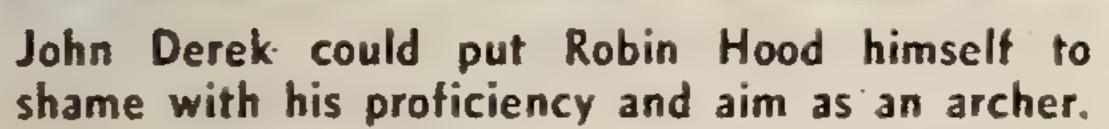
Joan's marriage to Brian Aherne, which began so promisingly, also ended in divorce.



T'S ironic that Joan Fontaine, whose dreamy eyes and fragile beauty epitomize romance, should be so singularly unlucky with the product in her personal life. Immediately after her separation from her producer husband, Bill Dozier, Joan left to make "September" in Europe with Joseph Cotten. That maneuver took care of the bad period directly following any broken romance for not only did Joan plunge into work, she also had herself a gay whirl before returning home. But now what? Will she seek happiness again with a new love or concentrate her real talents on the career that seems to be the most dependable part of her life?







The sweetheart of John Derek's nightly dreams in the picture is Diana Lynn, whose guardian is the wicked King John whom Robin Hood is opposing.

No character he portrays could be more colorful than John Derek himself. His role in "Rogues Of Sherwood Forest" is almost tailor-made for him.

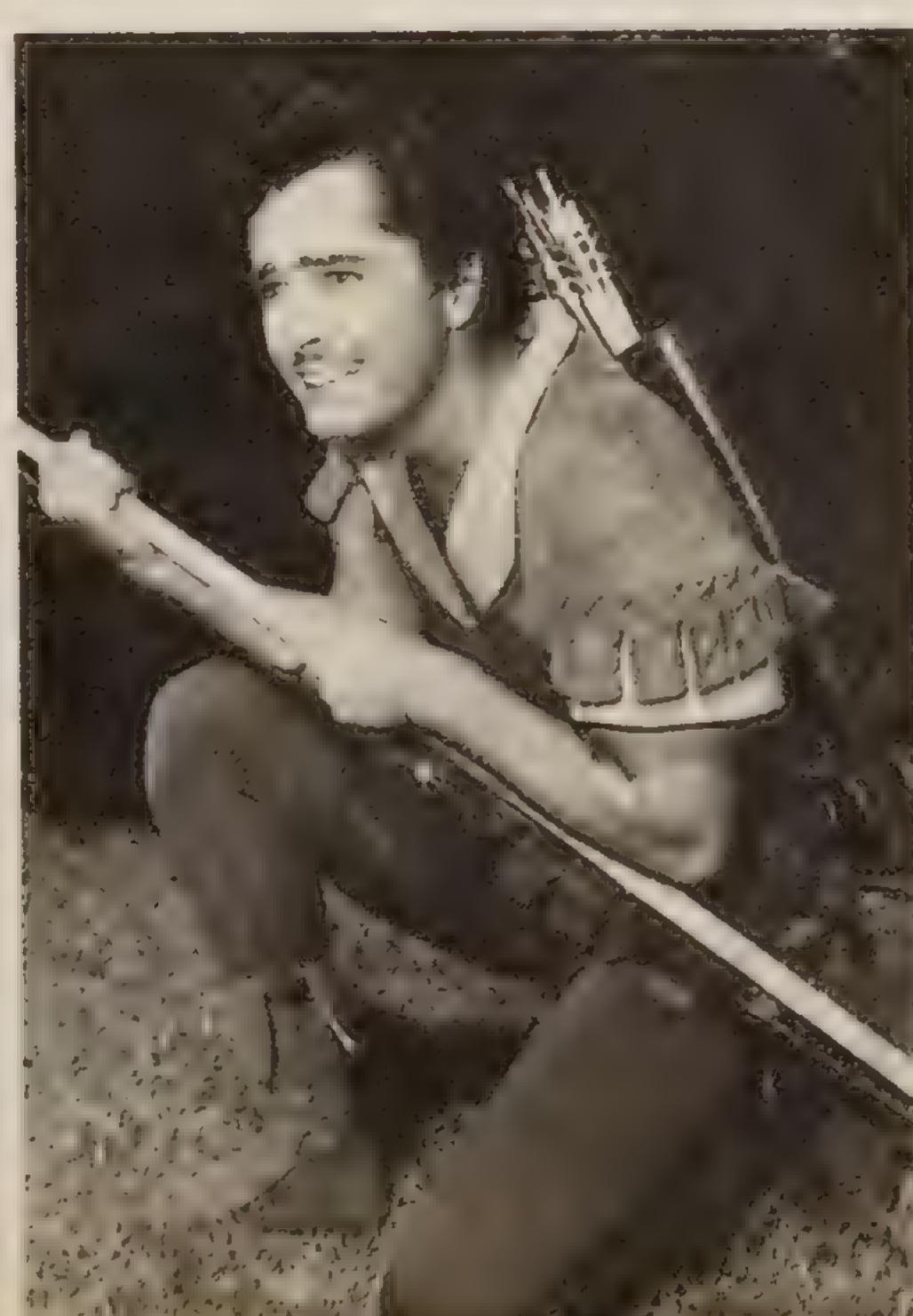
He'll Capture Your Heart

NCE again the dells of Sherwood Forest echo with the tread of Robin Hood's men in "Rogues Of Sherwood Forest." This time, however, they are captained not by the doughty warrior, but by his equally intrepid son, John Derek, who's twice as handsome, dashing and reckless as his old man. John is one of that rare breed whose prowess is not faked by a clever cameraman. He's a born horseman and all-around sportsman and used no double for the many scenes in which he rides, fences, jousts or meets the enemy with no defense other than a stout heart and wily mind.

For a lad like John who breaks his own horses, riding scenes are easy.

John follows Robin Hood's footsteps in the picture by fighting for the people.















"I fall in love with a cute little blonde fraulein, Bruni Loebel, in 'Two Corridors East,' but I go back to my wife in the end."

A SCREEN hero in this age of propaganda must be something more than a tall, dark and handsome gent with a soulful smile, who charms his feminine audience into temporary forgetfulness of a crazy world. Today, the idol must have the build of a full-back, be blundering, hardboiled yet oddly sensitive, possess a good line of gab and, above all, an uncanny sense of "the time to pat and the time to slap."

Who, mesdames and mademoiselles, is the most ingratiating heart specialist of that ilk now practicing in Hollywood? None other than Paul Douglas, late of Broadway and a sports announcer's microphone. Why? Because he just keeps rolling along, fostering the illusion of being a rough and virile guy with a gentle side. If he seems at times to be a bit on

the dumb side as well, that's all to the good, because such an impression leaves the average fan believing she could easily master the brute.

Paul Douglas, let it be understood, doesn't profess to be a romantic superman. Nevertheless, by box office standards, he is definitely a "pro" in big league heart-throbbing—a fellow who can be very funny but also affectingly serious.

His screen success is attributable not so much to what he says or does as to how he says and does it.

The secret, like the Blue Bird or penicillin or your old grey cat, lies close to home—right, so to speak, in the old back yard. Paul Douglas looked around and discovered—Paul Douglas. He is merely playing himself, a big hulk of a man who looks forbidding enough to lick double

his weight in wolves but who can be as gentle as the doves clamoring to get into the United Nations.

"At the age of 42 I seem to have opened up a whole new field for men and boys with gray hair," he said in his Fifth Avenue hotel suite following his arrival home from three months of picture-making in Berlin—an arrival which dovetailed conspicuously with the New York opening of his 20th Century-Fox comedy, "Everybody Does It."

"Maybe it's an impression of vitality I give off," he explained. "You know, the big, rugged fellow who loves 'em and lams 'em, but never leaves 'em—well, not for too long. Could it be," his blue eyes twinkled, though his face was dead-pan, "there's a vitality trend?"

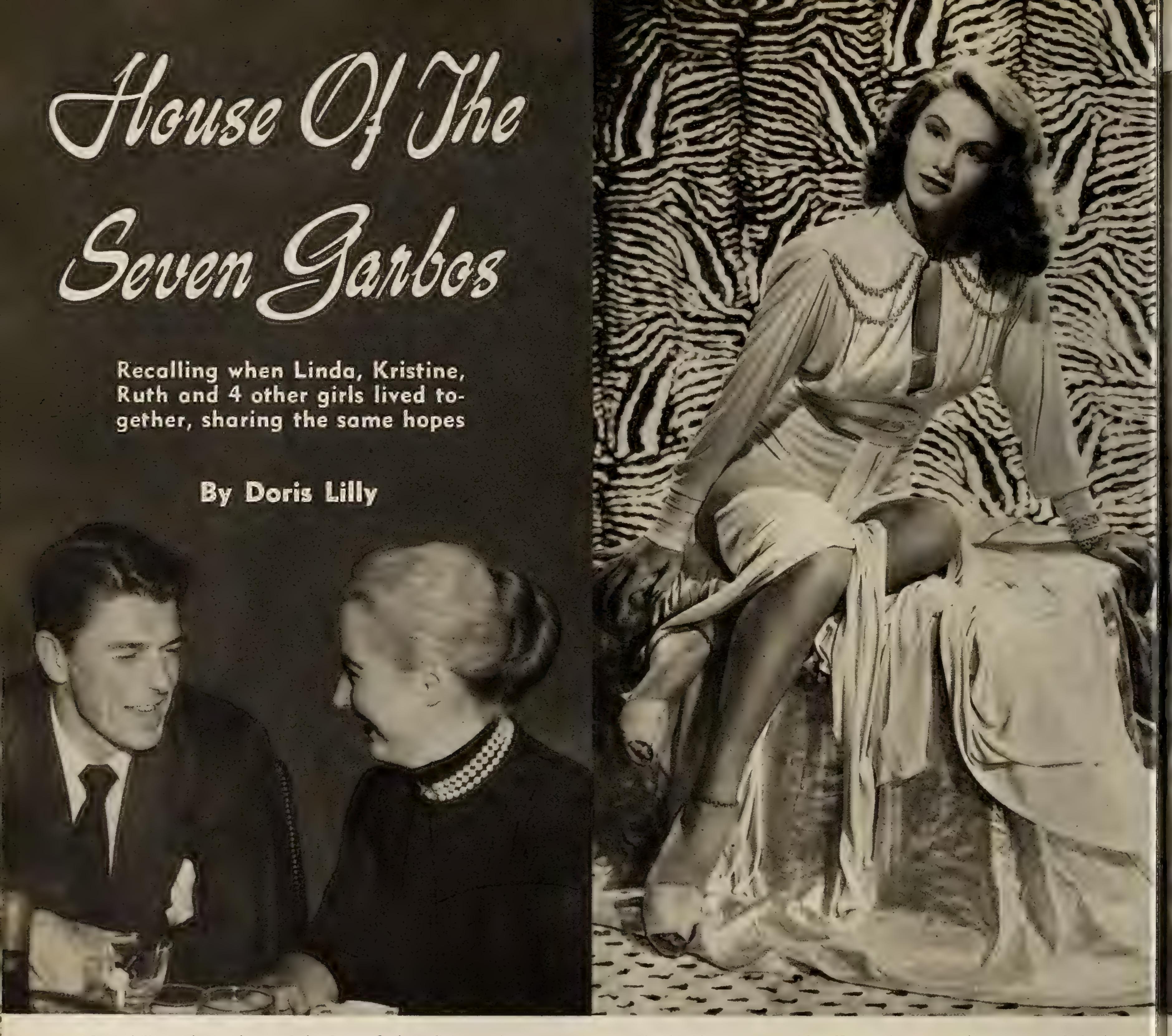
"Could be," it (Please turn to page 64)

Paul illustrates his remark, "I've never lost my zest for life," by squiring co-star Bruni while in Berlin on location.

Director Alexander Hall chastises Paul on "Love That Brute" set. "At 42 I seem to have opened up a new field for men with gray hair."







Doris Lilly, author and one of the Seven Garbos, dining with Ronald Reagan at the Stork Club. She gave up movie career to write.

Linda Christian, now Mrs. Tyrone Power, used to room with Ruth Roman in the hopeful household. Fame seemed inevitable for Linda.

TT WAS a big, rambling structure, built by the famous silent screen star, Wallace Reid, and situated in the very center of Hollywood, right off the famous Sunset Strip. We had christened it The House Of The Seven Garbos, because, of course, there were seven of us who had come from all parts of the world to settle in it, and because we all wanted to be actresses, wanted to be Garbos.

By sharing our aspirations, we gained luxury—two spacious floors, a swimming pool, tennis court, game room, all the trimmings, and we even gained a mother. At least, we liked to call her that, just as her own three children did. Our house mother's name was Marie, and if my wishes have any weight she will have a ringside seat in heaven some day. Marie

would listen to us endlessly and encour- in the House Of The Seven Garbos. age us all, trying as best she could to help us reach that goal in our hearts. It was always astonishing to me how she never seemed to tire of helping each of us to dress to go to the studio for an interview, or give us consolation when we were turned down. She was always there with a soft shoulder to cry on, or a cup of hot soup if we had the sniffles. But Marie was like that, and she's still there, lending what she can to a new batch of saucer-eyed young hopefuls, who are perhaps listening right now to Marie telling stories about us and clucking her tongue as she reminisces about our vagaries. She might be telling the story about Deannie. . . . but then, maybe you'd like to meet the girls who once made their home

First, there was a tempestuous Texan beauty named Deannie Best. Deannie was part Cherokee Indian (she never let us forget it), and she was always in love. It was wonderful to see her enormous black eyes framed in long, jet pigtails gazing soulfully into space as she related to each and all, word for word, how the beau of the night before had proclaimed his constant and undying love. Deannie went earnestly about the business of becoming an actress, but her main interest was love, love, love. She was eternally and constantly on the brink of an all-consuming passion, each time with as much fervor and enthusiasm as the time before. Naturally, this led to a lot of ups and downs. We used to



Something To Sing About

Roddy McDowall, on the way to his seat in the Pantages Theatre, spies Margaret O'Brien and her mother on the aisle and stops to say hello.

Larry Parks, who plays the title role in the film, his wife, Betty Gar-rett, and the one and only Al himself, were on hand for the premiere.



Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures which produced "Jolson Sings Again," with Al Jolson and his wife before the showing.



Kirk Douglas and Evelyn Keyes, who've been dating steadily for quite awhile now, at Los Angeles opening of "Jolson Sings Again."



Ginger Rogers was escorted by boy friend Greg Bautzer. He's just given her a huge star sapphire ring which may mean wedding bells.





French designer Lili shocks Hollywood with her views on necklines, sex and movies

By Dorothy O'Leary

Model Totty Ames in a daring Lili gown and the designer herself.

The 5' 1" bombshell who has set Hollywood on its ear by her outspokenness.

Lili's transparent "at home" gown. She says

Lesson From Lili

"TOVE scenes in American movies? They are childish. They are dull.

They have no realism. Most of them steenk! Compared weeth those in the French cinema, they are like pablum as compared weeth caviar! You see one kees in movies here, and you have seen all the keeses. They are all the same. No nuances!"

That's French designer Lili speaking. Lili for the last several months has been setting Hollywood on its ear with her ideas and comments on plunging necklines, sex, love, American men, sex, love, American women, sex, love and American movies. In an accent dripping with the Champs Elysees (Please turn to page 66)

Lili's black lace and taffeta bathing suit. "The obvious is never obvious," says she.







in Warners' production, "Stage Fright," Jane Wyman takes on a thankless job as maid to temperamental beauty Marlene Dietrich.



Using a bit of dramatic-school guile, Jane trys her best to secure information from Michael Wilding, investigator from Scotland Yard.



Marlene Dietrich gets a directorial hand from Alfred Hitchcock in a love scene rehearsal.

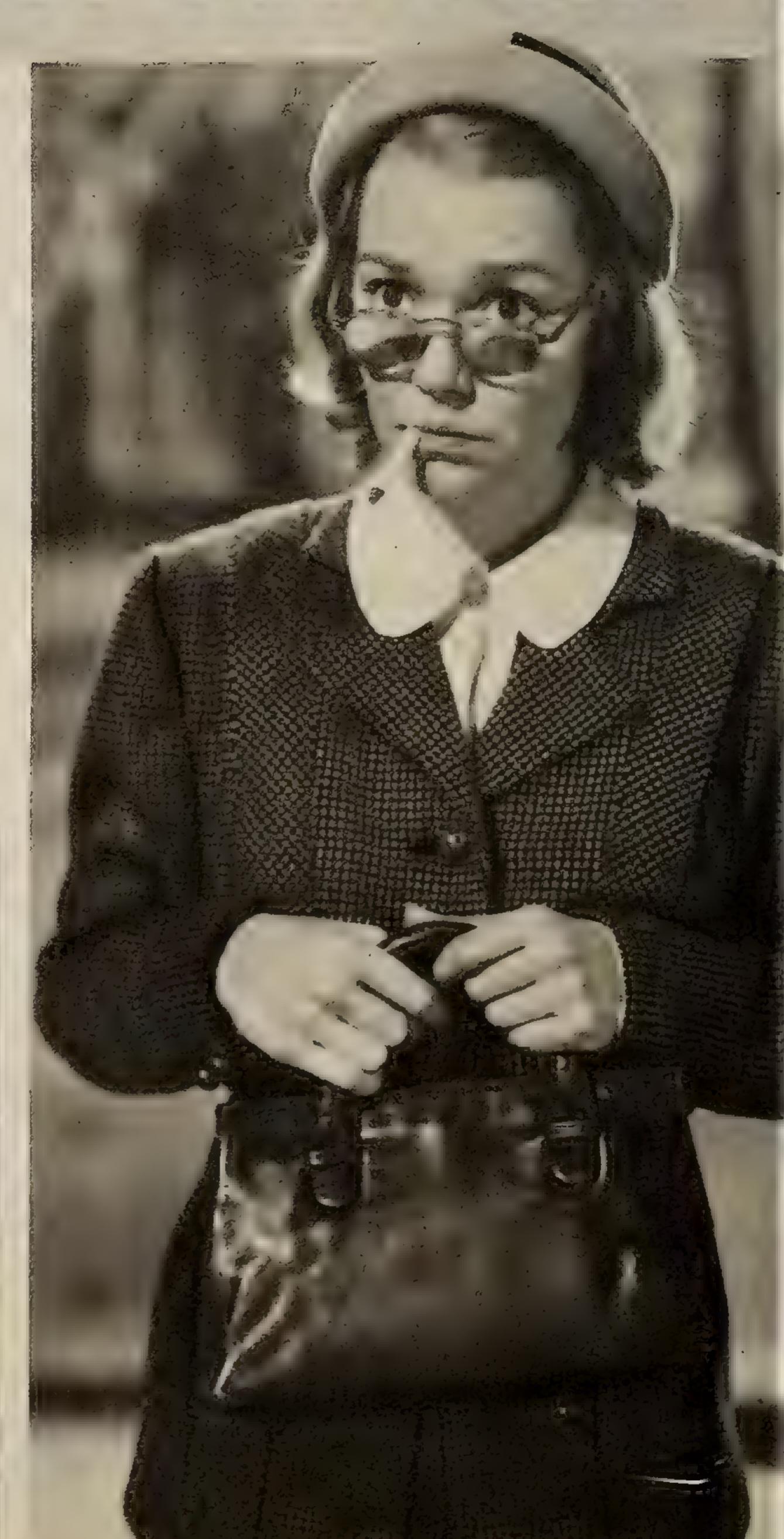
Whodunit For Jane

In "Stage Fright," drama student Jane Wyman acts a game of life and death. Trying to clear her friend Richard Todd, suspected of murdering actress Marlene Dietrich's husband, she poses as Marlene's maid. Though she loves Michael Wilding, detective on the case, she continues to shield Richard. That he is really guilty she discovers almost too late to save her own life and to return to Wilding.

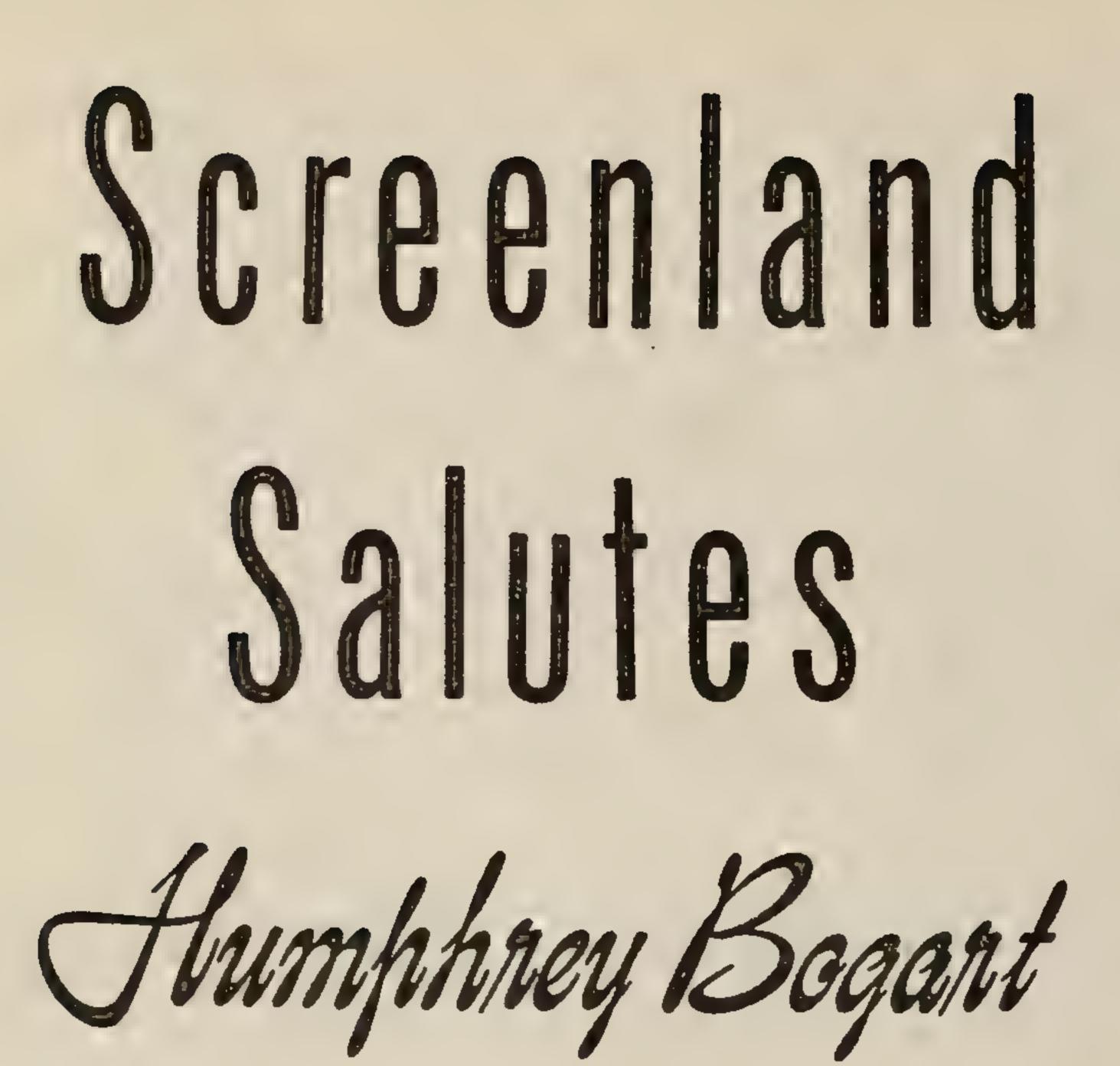
In this forlorn disguise, Jane embarks on her difficult assignment.

Fleeing from the police, Richard Todd begs Jane's father, Alistair Sim, to hide him in his seacoast house while Jane returns to London in an effort to clear his name.









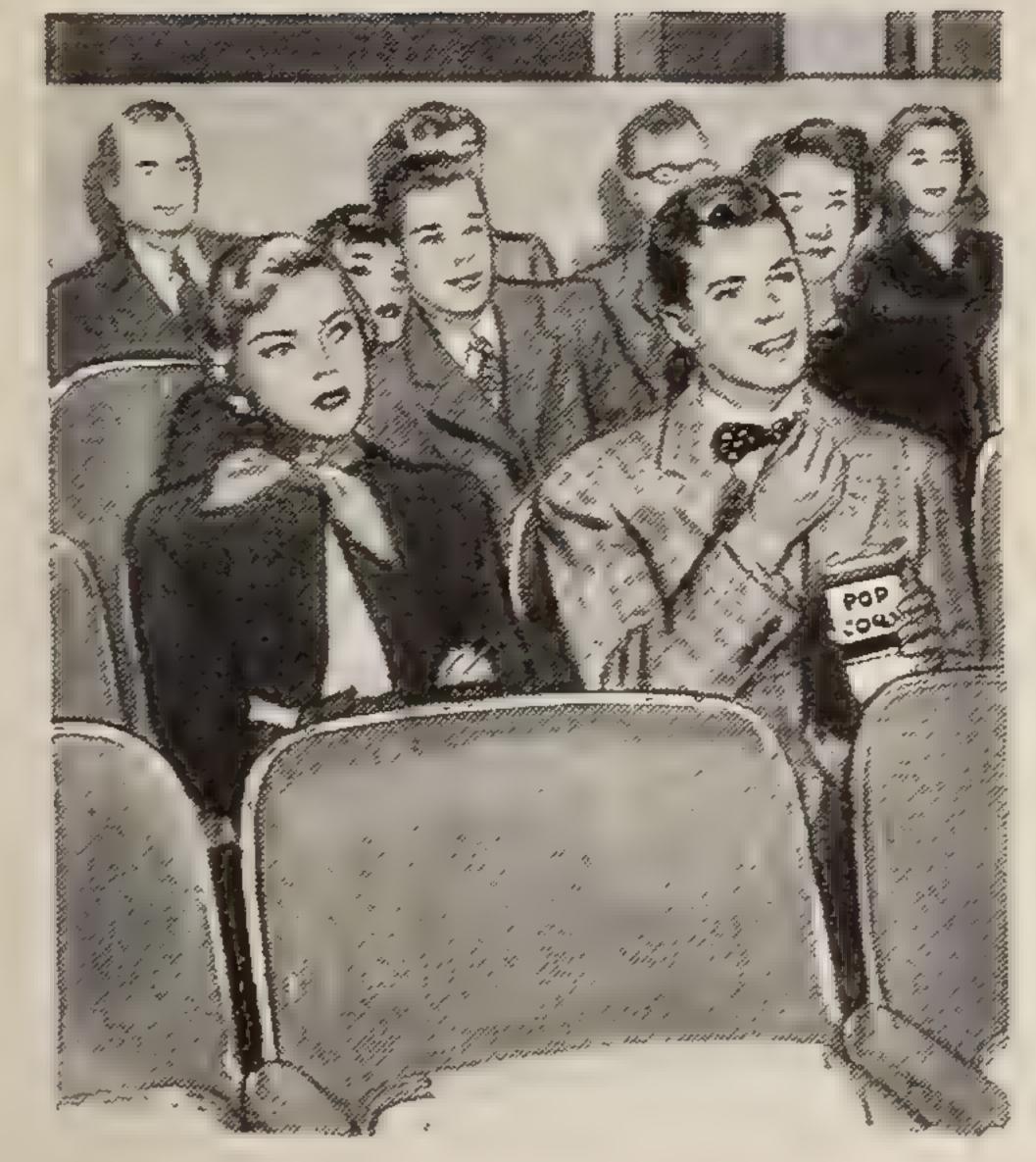
S A test pilot in "Chain Lightning," Humphrey Bogart not only has as thrilling a role as he's ever played, but certainly his most informative and instructive. A short while ago this film would have been considered a fantastic Buck Rogers melodramatic thriller, but today it is sound, documentary evidence of the amazing things a jet propelled plane can do. Bogie handles the pivotal role so smoothly and believably you don't realize how much he's actually teaching you about aviation. It's a stirring performance, a great contribution to flying.

Below: James Brown, Richard Whorf and Humphrey Bogart in Warners' "Chain Lightning," best aviation film yet made



The jet plane which Bogie flies in astounding time from Nome to Washington, D. C.

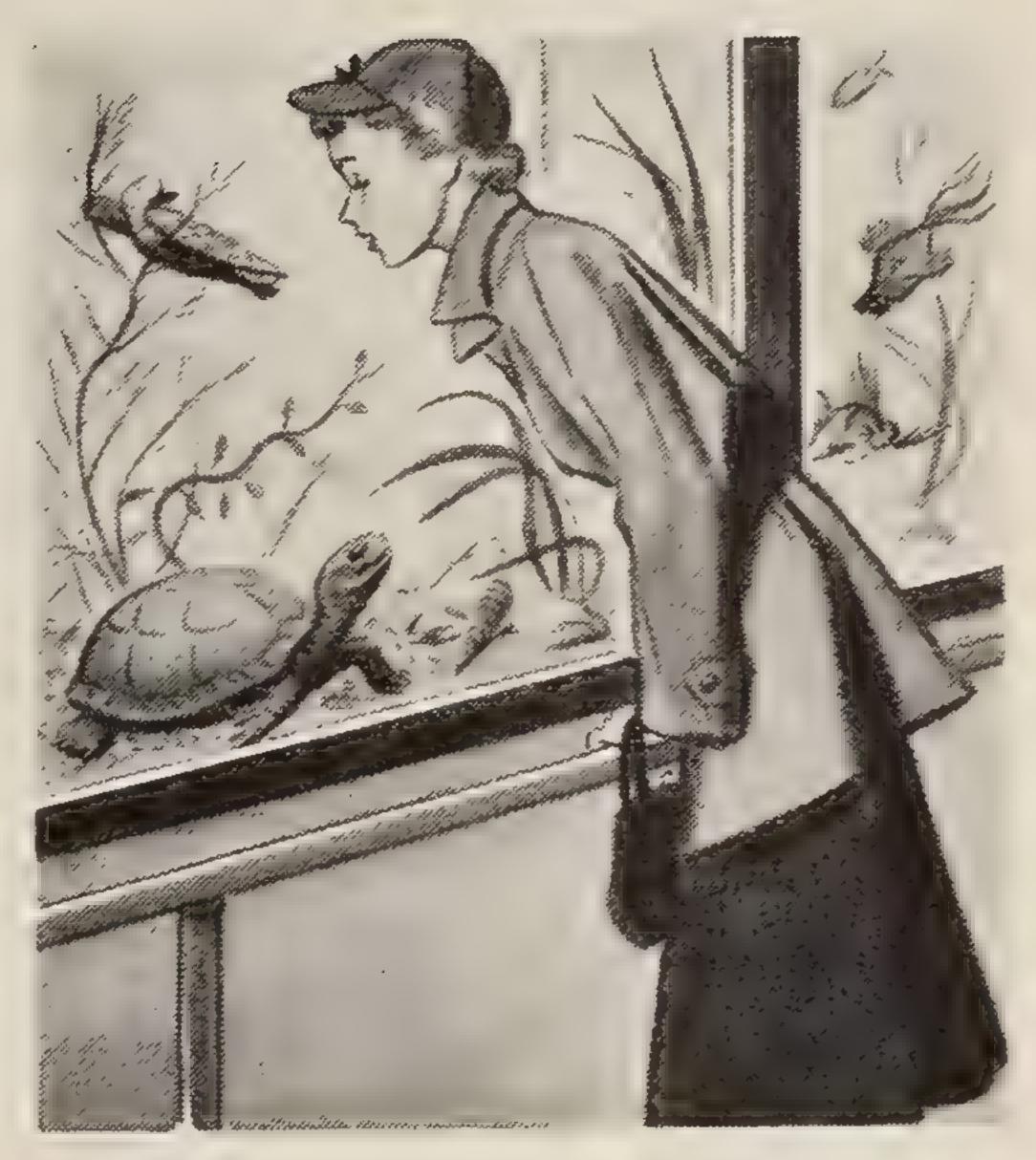
Are you in the know?



Should you break a movie date with Bill -

- For a Big Man on Campus
- If you're asked to a formal fray
- To meet a blind find

You're booked for Saturday night at the cinema. And then the real Bikini comes along. Should you call "good old Bill" and beg off? If you checked no on all three counts above, you're right! Breaking dates is a rating-buster. And "calendar" time, too, is no excuse . . . for you know the new Kotex keeps you comfortable. Because it's made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives you softness that holds its shape.



This aquatic creature should remind her of -

- A special soup
- A type of sweater
- Elbow grease

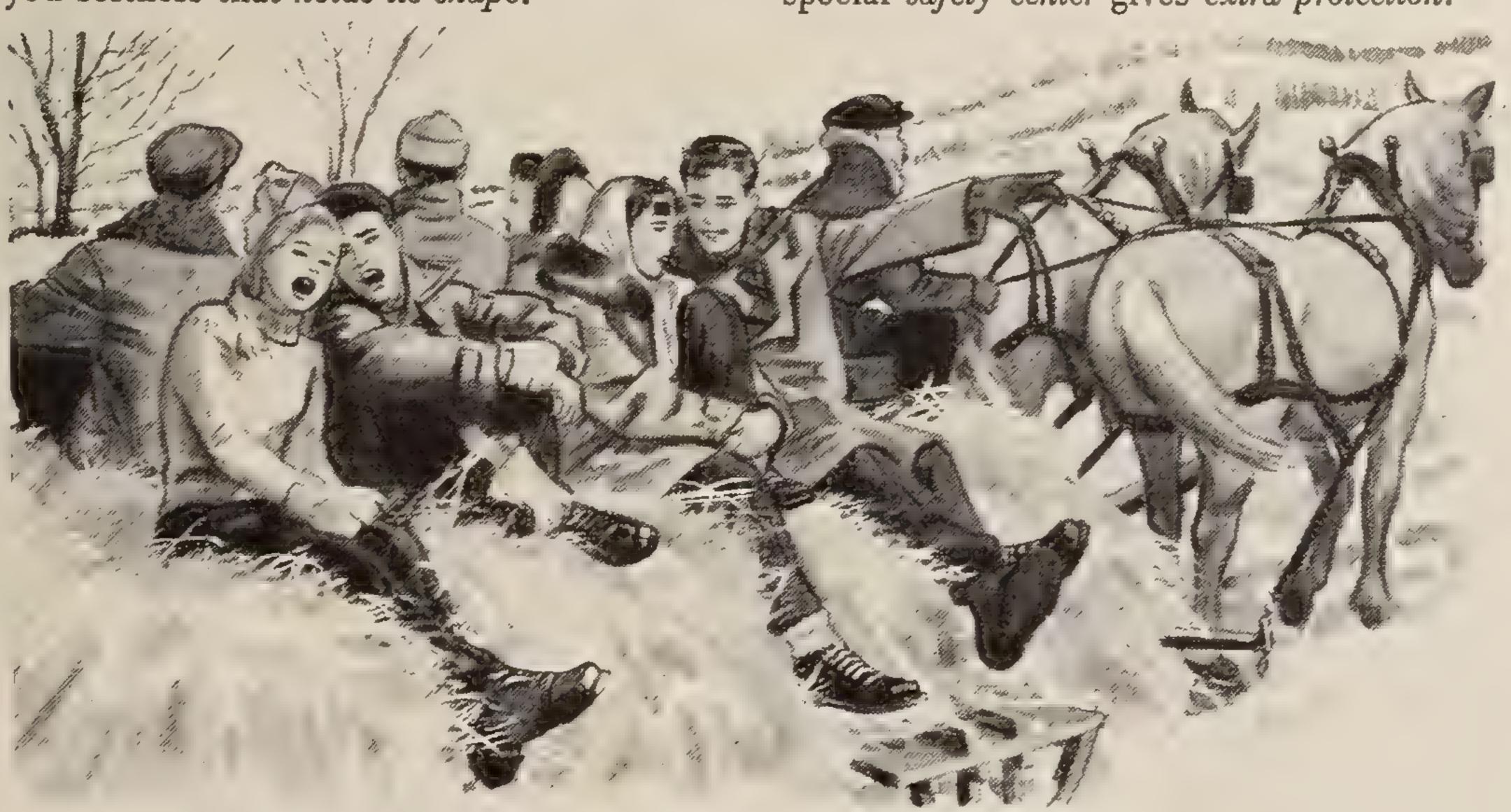
Baby, it's cold outside-remember? So beware of "turtle skin!" Winter tends to dry out most teen complexions, and elbows especially need extra care. Keep'em scrubbed and well greased with a rich lubricating cream. You'll be thankful you did, this festive season, when fancy-dandying to formals. Same as you'll be thankful (at trying times) that you chose Kotex, for that special safety center gives extra protection.



It's a mighty sharp student who -

- Snags the prof
- Has the Tweedy Look
- Majors in poetry

Competition's keen when the prof's cuteand a bachelor. True, you may not be a ball of fire at scanning. But your tweeds'll tell him you're on your toes, style-wise. For this year, tweed's terrific . . . new, inexpensive, with a "high fashion" look. In coats, suits or dresses, it's for you! And just for you on problem days, there's a Kotex absorbency you'll find exactly right. How to tell? By trying all 3: Regular, Junior, Super!



What to do if Mom says you're too young for dating?

- Try crowd psychology
- Play Hannah the Hermit Stick to hen parties

Chances are, it's solo dates the family vetoes ... they're not against your having friends. Why not get your schoolmates to rally at your homestead, now and then? Show Mom you can cope with a mixed crowd. Dating first on the "gang" plan is good practice for

solos later. And whatever the doings, whatever the day, remember—those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Even when you're togged for a gala evening, you know you can brave the limelight with confidence . . . (and Kotex!)



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STAR In The Sky

Fashion Selections

Hay Brunell

Fashion Selection #111 Peggy Dow, Universal-International starlet, in her favorite casual separates, made by Duchess Royal in corduroy. Her skirt features an inverted front pleat, and the boxy jacket has a zipper closing. Skirt and jacket available in ivory, wheat, red, yearling, laurel green. Sizes 10 to 20. Under \$15 each. Her sweater is by Tish-U-Knit; her gloves are American-knit shorties.

Fashion Selection #112 "Miss Cari-All" is the name Capeway has given the handsome 12-inch purse-and-overnight-bag combination Peggy is carrying. Of genuine split cowhide, it has double handles, zipped top, sturdy steel frame and two handy inside pockets. Here is a piece of luggage that can go on a weekend visit or a two-week Summer vacation. It sells for about \$6, including luxury tax.

Photographs by Muky

FOR INFORMATION where you can purchase your fashion selection in or near your city, write to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Hats by Walter Florell

Fashion Selection #116 Peggy (below), who is currently making her screen debut in Universal-International's "Woman In Hiding," in hood and mitts of ermine sheared bunny—Douglas of California creations. The mitts feature ermine tails and African cape palms. Hood sells for about \$10 and the mitts cost about \$8.



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Fashion Selection #113 Peggy, shown at left in lounge of a Pan American Stratocruiser, selects a suit by Junior Accent of Verney Caprice faille, accented by a short cape and peplum. It has white pique collar and cuffs and buttons all the way down the front. In navy and black. Sizes 9 to 15. Under \$25.

Fashion Selection #114 In her trim suit by Sporteens, Peggy (below) is a bright spot on the horizon. Made of soft all-wool flannel, it has a gored skirt and lumberjacket-style top with cap sleeves. In five colors—shrimp, mint, caramel, navy and sea blue. Sizes 10 to 20. Skirt about \$8 and jacket about \$6.

Fashion Selection #115 To complete this ensemble, Peggy chooses a Sage blouse by Revelation. Made of fine washable celanese Carlyle crepe, it is available in white, magnolia pink, blue, green and navy. Sizes 32 to 38. Costs about \$5. Credit Capeway for the four-piece set of high-fashion airplane luggage.



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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 21

found out where it was shot and bought up gillions of acres of desert and transformed it into this dream spot. Now, dern it, jest talkin' about it's got me hankerin' to go back. Oh, yes—there ain't no apples in Apple Valley. That's just a name, son.

We went, in our best blue jeans, to Apple Valley with Producer Harriet Parsons, who was scouting locations for the new picture she's producing, called "Come Share My Love," which will star Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray.

An exciting place to be is on the set of "Glass Menagerie" at Warner Bros. where there's a great feeling of stimulation and enthusiasm—largely because of Gertrude Lawrence, who has brought her electric personality to town for her first Hollywood picture. The set is very colorful—takes up an entire sound stage and represents a whole square block of a neighborhood in St. Louis. Real steam comes out of the manholes in the cobblestone street. Signs flash on and off—and most of the actors on the lot can be found right there on the set, watching Miss L., Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas and Arthur Kennedy going through their paces. Miss Lawrence is taking this picture very seriously, goes around with a pencil tucked in her hair for writing notes to herself on things to watch when she's before the camera and to autograph her autobiography, "A Star Danced," for all comers, which are plenty. The WB designers had quite a job padding her costumes to make the gorgeous Gertie look like a mature woman—she has the figure of an 18-year-old.

Mario Lanza, the new young singing rave at MGM, who's parted many theatre patrons from lotsa cash to hear him sing, had to give up practicing his scales at home. He now hits high C on a sound-proof studio stage because his singing set off a chain reaction in his neighborhood. The dogs all howled, which woke up all the sleeping bab'es, who howled, which sent their mothers knocking at the Lanza door asking him please for gosh sake to button his lip.

Split-second Department: Audrey Totter flew direct from New York and a hospital tour to Houston, Texas, where she was Honorary Queen of Homecoming at the University of Houston. She presided at a pep rally, the traditional bonfire, crowned the school queen, rode in the rain in a parade, saw the game, went back to the Shamrock Hotel and packed, caught a six a.m. plane out for Chicago and Dayton for a benefit. She still doesn't know how there was time for it, but 100 university boys dressed in cowboy regalia serenaded her before she took off.

John Hodiak returned from England and MGM's "Miniver Sequel" long enough to get a look at the apartment he and Anne

Baxter have rented while their house is remodeled, then he left right away for the Florida location of 20th's picture "Visa." That guy's home less than a traveling man—no foolin'.

Gene Autry flew in from New York and Boston on a commercial airliner, stepped out of that one and boarded his own plane which was waiting with engines all warmed up for the takeoff to Lone Pine where he's making another horse-opery, "Beyond The Purple Hills."

Greg Peck, who worked every day "Gun Fighter" was shooting, also flew to Lone Pine for two days' location, left next day for London and the Command Performance, returned in time to help Greta and their three sons aboard for a return trip to England, where Greg'll make "Captain Horatio Hornblower." After that, the Pecks will tour Europe—he's never been there and she not since she was a kid. They'll visit Greta's relatives in Finland while on the continent.

We had a wonderful evening at the Betty Hutton-Ted Briskin menage—got there early enough to see their two little girls, Lindsay and Candy, both dressed in pastel blue housecoats and hair ribbons to match. Three-year-old Lindsay is absolutely fascinated with television and her proud Mom and Pop can hardly drag her away when it's bedtime. After dinner we heard the wonderful, wonderful score Betty's recorded for "Annie Get Your Gun." Make no mistake, this is the role of Betty's life and she sings the songs like a dream.

Clifton Webb astounded many of his friends with his Christmas card—a picture of him surrounded by the twelve youngsters who play his kids in "Cheaper By The Dozen." Under the photograph was the message from bachelor Webb "Just wanted to keep you posted on latest developments."

Incidentally, Jeanne Crain is being deaged for this picture. She's the 15-year-old problem child of the family. And Betty Lynn, who plays a little Southern flirt in the picture, was dying to meet Una Merkel and ask for some expert coaching in the accent department. So one night at the town's newest little theatre, New Horizons, who should she run into but Una. Betty introduced herself, bashfully told Una what was on her mind—and got her wish!

When the young son of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall was nine months old, his mother left the house to go shopping with strict instructions to his father to take some movies of the kid. Bogey got sleepy and took a nap instead and when Mrs. B. returned she found, all of a sudden, no pictures. Bogey thought it would be just as good to take

the pics the next day, but his wife changed his mind, routed him off the sofa, and the movies were made. There isn't much doubt about who's boss around the Bogart establishment.

When Richard Widmark returned from England, where he made "Night And The City," he was given a ten-day vacation—in fact his new picture, "No Way Out," was postponed that long so Dick could put back those fifteen pounds he lost while he was away. Dick plays a lovely character in this new picture—a guy who starts a race riot.

For "The Hawk And The Arrow," Burt Lancaster is all decked out in 12th Century brown tights and green leather jerkin. It's quite a sight to see him strip off the upper half of his costume (to cool off) and, shall we say, reveal how he keeps the tights in place. He uses modern garden variety suspenders which no self-respecting 12th Century swashbuckler would be caught dead in.

Not since they were teamed on the stage about five years ago in "Voice Of The Turtle" have Margaret Sullavan and Wendell Corey acted together. Up until now, that is, in Columbia's "No Sad Songs For Me." So it was quite a reunion when they met the first day of shooting. In this pic, they'll do a square dance and Maggie says the last dance she learned for pictures was the Charleston. The very attractive Miss S. hasn't made a picture for six years.

Another wanderer returning to the fold is Myrna Loy, who'll be Clifton Webb's wife in "Cheaper By The Dozen." She's been in Europe for two years and we have a hunch she just couldn't resist the funny script and idea of this picture—otherwise, she'd have stood in Europe with hubby Gene Markey, who's producing movies over there.

Evelyn Keyes is but delighted with her new bachelor gal apartment, which we hear is quite heavenly. No wonder—Mitch Leisen decorated it and he's one of the tops in that field, as well as being a terrific director. Some people have all the talent.

Latest date dope on Barbara Lawrence: She and Scott Brady have been doing the town together, but purely on a consolation basis. His favorite gal is in New York and Barbara's guy, Murray Hamilton, is there, too—in the cast of "Mister Roberts," which will probably run forever.

There's a large group of people in Hollywood you probably never hear about, but they're a very potent and influential bunch. They're the members of the foreign press, some 300 strong, who help sell American movies abroad. Very important in these days of competition. So it wasn't surprising to us to see quite a large turnout of important Hollywood personalities at the luncheon which the foreign press gave at the Roosevelt Hotel. Irene Dunne, Gary Cooper, Barbara



_State.

Hale, Bill Demarest, Ellen Corby, Harriet Parsons, veteran moviemaker Mack Sennett, and Western star Reno Brown got all sorts of questions fired at them in several dozen different accents. Irene looked elegant in tailored suit and sables. Gary astounded everybody by being gabby and interesting—he is famous for confining his conversations to two words, "nope" and "yep," but he positively scintillated this time. Pretty Barbara Hale charmed the whole room with the amusing account of how she cracked the movies. And Mack Sennett told some wonderful stories about his association with the fabulous W. C. Fields in the earlier days of movies. They all helped a lot in making Hollywood sound like a real place, which it is.

LaRue, our favorite restaurant, was very gay of a Sunday evening with Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli dining happily together (this was before Judy's slight hassle with MGM over starting work on "Summer Storm"), Bob Hutton was buying a steak for Ann Rutherford—she's a friend of both Bob and Cleatus and was no doubt consoling him on account of Cleatus has been dating Joan Fontaine's ex, Bill Dozier, steadily. Bob looked older, mebbe because of that mustache he's sprouted. Mark Stevens was there with his mother. Later, we went to Ciro's to hear Mindy Carson sing. She does look a little like Ingrid Bergman, only much smaller, and she has a terrific voice.

Met some awful nice people at the party writer Dick English and his attractive wife, Kay, gave for the Luis Osios of Mexico City. Senor Osio plays host to Hollywood celebs at the famous Del Prado Hotel when they visit south of the border, so a great many of these same chums came to the English's shindig— John and Esperanza Wayne, Edna Borzage with her new heart interest, Merrill Pye—among others. We watched fascinated while the fabulous dance team (they're married, too) Veloz and Yolanda gave us a sample of their artistry. It was wonderful to see Dolores Costello there and talking a mile a minute about the screen debut of her son, John Barrymore, Jr., in "The Sundowners." Evidently the kid is scared like anything—and no wonder, with all that famous family—on both father's and mother's side—with their wonderful theatrical traditions to live up to.

John Derek practically dropped the telephone when the owner of Sportsman's Lodge called and told him a guy wanted to buy one of his paintings, on exhibition at the restaurant. John gulped and said he guessed he'd sell it, provided the customer would make the check out to the American Cancer Fund. He gulped again when the Lodge phoned and said the art patron had donated a hundred and fifty bucks to the Fund and walked proudly off with the painting under his arm.

Another tale of painting, and quite unusual, concerns the famous California artist, Ross Shattuck, who pulled a neat caper by forming a company to finance his

trip to Mexico. Irene Dunne and husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, Paul Douglas, Director Mike Curtiz, Attorney Bill O'Connor, Bandleader Art Castle, Bob (Brown Derby) Cobb and several others bought into the company and when Ross returned, loaded with 40 canvasses, the stockholders got together and drew lots to choose their favorite scenes.

George Montgomery has got hisself a very different fan club—in his home state, Montana. It's made up of fifteen young Indian gals in the Sioux country. But naturally, they call themselves "George Montgomery's Sweet Sioux."

Elyse Knox has been playing in the Joe Palooka pictures for quite a spell. In eleven pictures she's been Joe Kirkwood's fiancee. So wo happens? Joe Palooka finally gets married—but it's Pamela Blake who's the bride, not the eleventime loser Elyse. But that's Hollywood for yuh.

Bob Walker makes no Friday night dates. He's already got one—to take his two sons, Michael and Bobby, to whatever kind of athletic event the kids' school has. Nuttin', but nuttin', interferes.

Paid a quick visit to the set of "The Baron Of Arizona," which my pal, Sam Fuller, is directing. It was quite colorful, with Vincent Price and Ellen Drew sitting around a campfire with a whole flock of gypsies, goats, and mules. Dyin' to see this picture, which is about a guy who almost convinced the U. S. Govern-



Frank Fay of "Harvey" fame is guest of Bing Crosby during CBS program.

ment that he had a legal title to the whole state. Vinnie Price, of course, is the Baron.

Wot I'd like to know is this: When is U-I going to wake up to the fact that they have a real star in young Richard Long? The poor guy has been more or less put in a rut, making the Ma and Pa Kettle series. Of course, these pictures are great moneymakers for the studio, but seems to us that they'd give this kid a chance to do something better.

We've had our Incendiary, Platinum, Pearl, Shell and Strawberry blondes—now Marilyn Maxwell has been named the Diamond Blonde by, of course, the diamond merchants, who hung a fortune of those pretty rocks around her neck—on loan.

Both Sides Of Shirley's Divorce

Continued from page 23

Emotional immaturity of either or both husband and wife.

General incompatibility, resulting from differences in religion, age, intelligence, education, interests, or unlike standards and ideals.

Specific physical or sexual incompatibility.

Environmental factors including inlaw interference, unsatisfactory housing, job difficulties and insufficient income.

Lack of common goals and failure to meet each other's needs.

One factor or several may be responsible.

Without looking very hard, the good doctor could find several of these abovelisted troublemakers in the Agar marriage.

First of all, Shirley was only seventeen when she and John were married, and she was an extremely young, protected and starry-eyed seventeen at that. Mrs. Temple had agreed to announce Shirley's engagement, but with the proviso that Shirley and Jack wait two years before marrying. The announcement was made in the Spring of 1945; Shirley was graduated from Westlake School for Girls in June of that year. In September, 1945,

she was married. She had cajoled her mother out of the original bargain.

Shirley is extremely persuasive so that it is difficult for anyone who loves her to refuse her. She pointed out that she and Jack were head over heels in love; she added that Jack was twenty-four. He was steady, sensible, clean-cut, supremely eligible. He came from a family which had long held an enviable social position. He was not dependent upon his sergeant's pay, as he had a small additional income from an inheritance.

According to those who should know, one of the things about Jack which first attracted Shirley was that he was not at all impressed by her childhood fame. Many boys whom Shirley had dated had held her in such awe that they became tongue-tied, flat-footed *Ichabods* when they were in her presence. Refreshingly different, Jack regarded Shirley as an amusing cutie, pretty, a little fresh, slightly spoiled, but fun. He had grown up in the knowledge that he could date almost any girl he chose. He wasn't self-satisfied; he simply had no inferiority complex about girls.

It is fair to assume from the evidence that when Jack and Shirley were mar-

ried, Jack was the more emotionally matured. Immediately after filing suit for divorce, Shirley herself practically admitted this fact. She said that, at seventeen, she thought she was capable of choosing a lifetime partner, but that nowadays she believes she was too young.

In the field of general incompatibility, Jack and Shirley discovered almost at once that it was going to be difficult for them to share Jack's prime hobby: golf. Jack is one of those beautifully coordinated athletes who can shoot in the low seventies on good days, seldom blows up as high as the ninety mark on bad days. Shirley, however, isn't by nature athletic. She tried to learn golf, but she lacked the sheer muscular power required.

In contrast to Jack's preoccupation with golf, Shirley enjoys and excels at card games; she is a deadly gin rummy or canasta opponent, has always been the victor in the twosome games with which she and Jack whiled away the evenings. He was never much interested in cards, however, preferring to read or to talk

with friends who dropped in.

Shirley is enthusiastic about going out a great deal: she likes to have season tickets to the opera and the symphony concerts, likes to attend the light operas, and gets a genuine kick out of regular attendance at night clubs. It is only natural, steeped in the entertainment world as she is, to want to see every new night club act—and it must be admitted that she shares this enthusiasm with most members of the motion picture colony.

In contrast to this effervescence, Jack has always been a homebody. He sought in marriage what every man seeks: the feeling of being head of a household and having the privilege of taking life easy in front of a fireplace after a rough day.

Another slight incompatibility made itself felt shortly after Shirley and John were married. Jack is the explosive type; when something goes wrong, he is inclined to blow up and say what he thinks. Having gotten his annoyance out of his system, Jack has forgotten all about it five minutes later. Occasionally he allowed himself to blow too regularly and with too much steam.

Shirley is more thoughtful. She is inclined to brood over a real or fancied hurt, to build it up within herself, and to say nothing. Jack soon came to interpret one of Shirley's moody spells: if he came home to find Shirley playing the heavy classics on the phonograph, he knew that she was either worried or annoyed by something. He would begin to tease her, and would ask questions until she began to answer or to smile. Slowly she would emerge from the megrims and become her normal, sunny self. And yet, who knows what rankling remained?

There is an interesting story about her slowness to forgive which is told in one of the studios in which Shirley worked not long ago. She was approached with a request from a magazine for a story about an actor with whom she had worked several months earlier. She considered the request for several days then sent word to the publicity department that she would not give the interview.



She said, in explanation, that there had been times when this player (about whom she was supposed to give an admiring report) had failed to be kind and thoughtful. Why then should she devote any time or thought to boosting his stock?

The environmental factors of the Agar marriage could not be considered ideal. Since time began, every nation of home builders has had a proverb to the affect that two families can not live harmoniously under one roof. Shirley and John moved into their own separate house—true. But that house was not more than fifty feet from the Temple's home.

The Temple family relationship has always been an extremely close one. Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Jack Temple and his wife, George (the son who looks so much like Shirley), and Shirley have always been singularly devoted.

The Temples, according to close personal friends, approved of Jack as completely as they could have approved of any man who came courting their be-

loved daughter.

But it was a mistake for Jack and Shirley to set up housekeeping on the same estate—closed away from the rest of the world by a double pair of grilled iron electric-eye-controlled gates—where Shirley's girlhood home atmosphere was inevitably the atmosphere carried into her married life.

Jack undoubtedly went into marriage with some preconceived notions of his own. Perhaps, he expected to be the

head of his own household, but he seldom had a chance to be anything except the pleasant boy who was Shirley's husband. It is reasonable to presume that, perhaps only subconsciously, he resented it. He has told friends that he wanted to win his own way in pictures and that he wanted to be John Agar, and known as such, in preference to being Mr. Shirley Temple.

His resentment at having to go out when he didn't want to, and at having to be endlessly photographed, and endlessly questioned, sometimes took strange forms. For one thing, and this is well-known by the Hollywood photographers who cover Hollywood night clubs, Jack sometimes left Shirley alone at a night club table while he paused for long moments to chat with a friend met in a corridor, or seated at the bar.

An obscure girl would have been humiliated to have been neglected, so what must Shirley—always the cynosure of all eyes—have felt? She told reporters, when news of her divorce proceedings broke,

that she had been neglected.

Even Jack's career caused some difficulty. It is true that Shirley wanted Jack to become an actor. At first, when he was discharged from service, Jack toyed with the idea of going to college and taking business administration although he had signed a test contract with the Selznick organization while he was still in uniform.

He didn't think anything would come of the test. To his astonishment, he was







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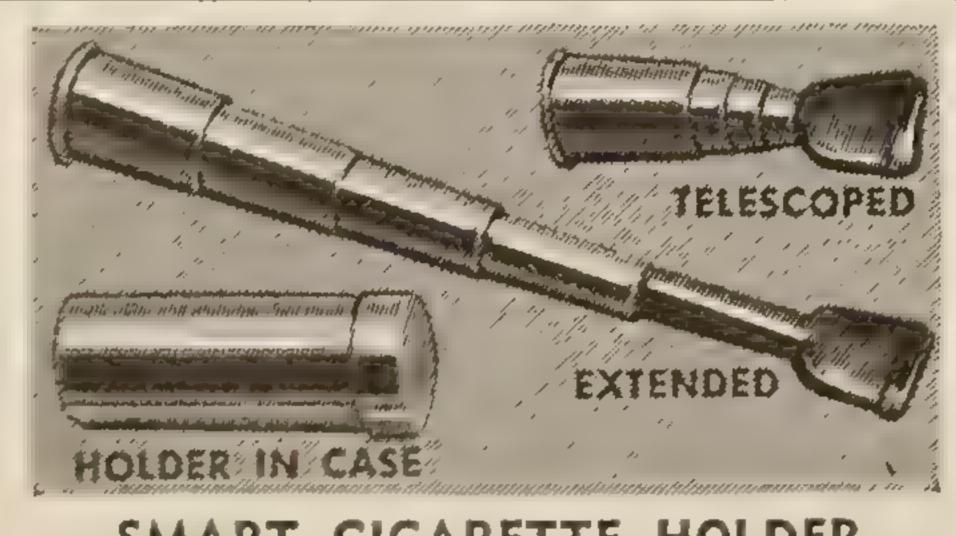
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signed to a long-term contract and subjected to intensive training. He was given a dozen different kinds of lessons (during the course of which it was discovered that he had a delightful singing voice.) Occasionally he invited a group of earnest youngsters to the house so that they could study plays. He and the other students were quite intense about their attempts to master the technique of the screen.

Shirley, always included in these practice bouts, found the whole thing rather funny. She told a friend, "I went through this stage when I was too young to suffer, so I get the giggles when I listen to the kids or watch them. They don't know what to do with their hands; they mug; their timing is off; their pantomine is exaggerated. Jack gets pretty mad at me because I sit in the corner of the lounge and laugh until I cry."

Now and then, Jack blew up.

Then, along came Susan and everyone concluded that the marriage—struggling with adjustments—was going to work out well. Susan was so perfect a combination: she had her mother's dark eyes and furtive dimples, her father's facial formation and features. For many months all appeared to be serene.

It is unfair to report gossip, but it must be stated that a great deal of gossip was bruited about as long as a year ago. One story had it that Jack paid too much attention to other girls at parties. However, when columnists tried to nail down this yarn by securing the names of the girls, no one seemed to know. No one who actually attended appeared to have noticed anything except conventional behavior—it was always those who hadn't been invited to the parties who told the most lurid tales.

Another rumor had it that Johnnie Johnston and Shirley were interested in one another, but no one who has ever seen Johnnie and his beautiful, talented, fascinating wife, Kathryn Grayson, together could put a second's credence in the malicious report. Kathryn and Johnnie have had their difficulties, but those difficulties have arisen from the necessary adjustment of two mercurial temperaments, and not from outside interference.

Further, as has already been stated,

Shirley and her mother are constant companions, and Mrs. Temple is like every good mother: she would not condone a friendship which would only bring several persons misery.

The thoughtful person, then, must discount any theory of the Agar marriage having been disrupted by a third person. The trouble has resided—as so often it does—entirely in husband and wife.

What of the future? A number of interesting things will occur. Jack has gone back to his family home and probably will remain there for some time, eventually setting up bachelor quarters in an apartment. As a motion picture actor he has developed rapidly, and his coaches believe that he is maturing into an impressive talent. Certainly he has worked with determination to succeed, and sometimes his efforts have caused him a good deal of wretchedness. He still does not believe in himself, but he refuses to quit. He is all man. He will win in the long run.

Shirley's problem is infinitely greater. As a divorcee she will no longer be accorded the velvet touch of the press which has always been one of her most valuable assets. Because she is fun-loving, she is going to want to date. And through those dates she is likely to learn what many another sweet, gently-reared, Hollywood gentlewoman has learned: that a girl in Shirley's position is the beloved object of fortune hunters, opportunists, social climbers, and wolves.

Because she will be living so near her family, she will be accorded more protection than the average girl in her position, but even so she is going to be taught some distasteful lessons.

A divorce is always a tragedy, no matter what the circumstance. It is particularly a tragedy when the first exquisite young dreams, the innocent belief in the power of love, the illusions which humankind has expressed wistfully, hopefully in its poetry and its song, are also destroyed.

It is to be hoped that before the year required by California law to finalize a divorce has passed, Shirley and Jack may have adjusted their differences and reconciled.

Meet A Great Lady

Continued from page 24

We spent most of our time huddled around a stove, glaring at one another. After the first three days everyone had "cabin fever," which is a polite term for the urge to kill. All except Loretta. My chief recollection of her at that time consists of seeing her standing at the window, nose pressed against a frosted pane, watching for Arvid Griffen to show up with the mail.

Arvid Griffen was, in those days, a Bellingham school boy who breezed in through the flakes and offered to be our emissary on snowshoes. All he could talk about was Hollywood. Most of us nodded and said, "Yeah, yeah," from the depths of a book when he plied us with questions, but Loretta was genuinely

friendly and interested.

She kept saying, "If you really want to get to Hollywood, you'll get there. If the desire is planted deeply, and you won't be distracted from your aim, you'll succeed."

There was something about the sincerity of her tone that would have convinced a totem pole.

So here's an item: Arvid Griffen, once of Bellingham, Washington, was the second assistant director on "Key To The City," the picture I just finished with Loretta. He regards her as a prophet —almost as a saint.

During the twelve years between "Call Of The Wild" and "Key To The City," I didn't see much of Loretta. I remembered her as a sweet kid, sort of carefree and good-natured, not too much interested in her career in spite of having plenty of talent.

I found out, during the first few days of the picture, that the carefree kid had matured into a great lady and a real

trouper.

The first thing about her that impressed me was that she went about the job of making pictures in a workmanlike manner. There are some things about which I'm particular—maybe too particular. Punctuality is one of them. If we're supposed to roll the cameras at nine o'clock, I plan to be ready. However, there have been plenty of times when the women in the company have not been ready for thirty to sixty additional minutes. I understand why this is (it takes much longer to make up a woman, except for costume pictures, and her wardrobe requirements are more stringent), but sitting around on a set when you know that every second's delay is costing the studio money is an uncomfortable situation. At least it is for me.

That Loretta Young has much the same attitude toward the importance of time is illustrated by an observation I overheard one morning. Someone asked what time it was, and the answer was "Eight-thirty." Quickly came the director's correction: "It can't be eight-thirty yet because Loretta isn't here."

She is stimulating to work with. When she came on the set each morning, she not only knew her lines, but she had thought out each of the scenes scheduled to be shot that day and she had some original suggestions about getting the most out of the situations. Not all of her piquant ideas had to do with her own part, either.

She is a generous enough workman to make suggestions about catchy bits of business for the other guy. In one sequence, for instance, she suggested that I climb through a window. I would never have thought of it myself, but we tried it out and it worked fine. Everyone seemed to think it was pretty funny.

When we were asked to pose for still pictures (which are later used in magazine advertising and picture exploitation), Loretta said, "Let's liven up these pictures. I think it's dull just to stand facing one another as if we were two casual acquaintances waiting for a bus. Let's have fun for the camera."

She had ordered tea that afternoon, so she took an empty cup, gripped the drinking rim in her teeth and leaned backward. I didn't know what she was going to do next—probably break the cup, I thought—so I was helping her with my face . . . you know how a person does.

The still cameraman got that one. Everyone around the studio seemed to be pleased with it. Said it was ingenious.

There are some people in the picture business who don't take still pictures very seriously. They feel that such posing is a time-consuming affair that doesn't pay off. Not Loretta. Her attitude is that everything having to do with making a picture and calling the attention of the public to that picture is



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very important.

She's a gregarious soul. Instead of returning to her dressing room between scenes, she would join Ruth Roberts (the dialogue coach) and either go over lines, or chat. In the midst of the hustle and bustle of the sound stage, with electricians moving huge light standards, grips moving walls, prop men bringing up fresh items of equipment, and foremen yelling directions, Loretta would be perched on a tall, wooden stool, watching the activity with as much real enjoyment as if it had all been new to her.

She has the happy quality of never being bored. Everything interests her and everyone interests her. She knows which gaffer is about to become a father, and whether he and his wife want a boy or girl and what they plan to name the child; she knows whose mother is ill, and who is taking a vacation trip to Honolulu. What a memory! And what genuine interest in her fellow human beings!

Another Young attribute which appeals to a man is that Loretta is devoted to her husband and her youngsters. She is that rare combination, a natural-born homemaker as well as a very successful actress.

She and I were sitting on the set one afternoon, and I began to tell her some yarn about an experience of mine in Chicago. When I finished, she laughed until she cried—incidentally, the everpresent still camerman caught that one, too—and then she launched into a re-

port of an experience of Tom Lewis's.

Well, his story was considerably better than mine, and Loretta told it very well. After we had howled about it Loretta said, "I really should have waited until you were having dinner with us and then I should have persuaded Tom to tell you his strange experience. If he does, eventually, you'll laugh again, won't you? I wouldn't want to spoil his enjoyment."

Most wives, if such an emergency arose, would cut off the poor old man with the observation, "Don't tell that story again. I've heard it a dozen times, and I've told Clark already." Not Loretta. Her first consideration was Tom's enjoyment.

Toward the end of the picture, Loretta told a group of us that when she finished "Key To The City," she was going to take a real vacation. She said that, for the first time she could remember, she was free of a picture commitment.

Someone said, "I imagine you'll take a long trip, won't you? To Europe, probably, which everyone is doing this season."

Loretta hugged herself and laughed softly. "I am going to stay at home with my family," she murmured. "I'm going to have breakfast, luncheon and dinner with them. I'm going to read books to the children and play games with them. I'm going to talk to Tom for hours every day about all the topics we store up while I'm busy making a picture. I'm going to be a wife and mother—the best vacation job in the world."

Loretta is a splendid hostess. The house in which she and Tom live is situated on top of a knoll in Beverly Hills. From their terrace, a person can see the expanse of the beach cities and, on that well-known clear day, Catalina.

There is something about the rooms of the house which issues an instant welcome. Maybe it's the color scheme, which Loretta planned herself. Perhaps it's the big, comfortable, man-welcome furniture. I wouldn't know about the technical reasons. All I know is that when a gang of us gather at the Lewises, we stay and stay and stay, and we talk as if somebody had dropped twenty dollars in the "continuous" slot. I'm not a great conversationalist myself, but I enjoy hearing other people discuss incidents, facts, and ideas. You can count on picking up several stimulating ideas

any time you visit the Lewises.

Loretta Young just glories in being a woman. She says quite honestly that she thinks the job of being a woman is the most interesting and the most inspiring task on earth. She thinks it is a mistake for a woman to covet even one of the so-called male advantages. She thinks that a wise woman can live a much more useful and rewarding life than a man. But she can also describe inspiringly the opportunities of men to help build a better world.

Yes, as I said in the beginning, the careless, slap-dash youngster I met twelve years ago has become a great lady. I regard her as a friend, and I hope she feels the same about me. To be a friend to Loretta and Tom Lewis is about as satisfactory a label as a man could aspire to

in Hollywood.

Just Call Him King

Continued from page 25

won't remember what this was all about in a hundred years. Let's get going and

get this thing finished."

I remember that he had brought along a supply of books and magazines, adventure stories, sports stories, westerns and the like, and that he served as a one-man library. At the end of nine days of enforced inactivity and imprisonment we would all have had what is known as "Cabin Fever" (the urge to kill) if it hadn't been for that reading matter.

He could also be depended upon to start a card game when people became short-tempered and restless. He would play anything, could win when he wanted to, could lose when it seemed diplomatic.

Although I was only a careless youngster at the time—spending most of the time at the window waiting for the messenger boy, on snowshoes, to bring the mail in which I thought there might be a letter from a lad in Los Angeles in whom I was deeply interested—I was aware of the great diplomatic ability and keen sportsmanship of Clark Gable.

During the intervening years between the making of "The Call Of The Wild" and the rolling of cameras for "Key To The City," the comedy which Clark and I have just completed for MGM, I saw very little of him. I know this will seem odd to people in other parts of the country, but the fact is that distances in Southern California are great, and one's most-frequently-seen friends are likely to be those living in the same vicinity. For many years, Clark has lived on a ranch in Encino (in the San Fernando Valley), whereas Tom and I have always lived in Beverly Hills. Also, we have worked at different studios. The result has been that our only exchange through the years has been a mutually-tossed greeting across a crowded room at a big party.

Of course I had seen most of the Gable pictures in the meanwhile, so I knew that he had gained steadily in stature as an actor. Rumor told me that he had increased in wisdom and worth as a human

being.

Even so, when I went to MGM and—during the first day of shooting "Key To The City"—I heard someone call him "King," I thought at first it was a type of kidding. I smiled and looked at Clark, waiting for him to react. He grinned back at me and shrugged slightly in a gesture which said, "Look, Loretta, people are wonderful to me around here. I'm grateful for it, even though it is sometimes embarrassing."

As the weeks went by, Tom and I had Clark as a guest in our home several times. We discovered what everyone who knows Clark well has known for years: the man now called "King" at one of the most powerful studios in town, is still the easy-going, unpretentious, sports-minded, real human being who—twelve years ago—found it funny instead of infuriating to be playing second lead to a Huskie dog.

Another thing I discovered about Clark is that he is a man of tradition. On the first day of the picture, he sent me, as he sends each of his co-stars, a magnificent arrangement of red roses. He enclosed a card on which he had written, "Good Luck To My Leading Lady." This line derives from Clark's stage training. In a theatrical company, the leading lady is always the person of first importance. Clark has made it a habit for several years, since he became supreme on his own lot, to send this card with roses to those actresses who have been cast opposite him. It is his way of paying a high compliment; his way of tacitly describing himself as a supporting player! Such humorous humility is a rare thing in any profession, but it is particularly rare among theatrical folk who usually must fight for every possible professional advancement.

When I was in the hospital (in the midst of the picture schedule) Clark sent another arrangement of red roses; when I returned to the studio I received red roses, and whenever Clark has been a guest in our home he has sent red roses

the following day as a thank-you note.

It goes without saying, of course, that Clark has always been tremendously popular with women (both those in audiences and those he meets in private life), but he is also that rare creature, a "matinee idol" who is a favorite with men. It is easy to understand why.

(Please turn to page 62)

Cobina Wright's Party Gossip

Continued from page 10

Then the party was off to Salton Sea, stopping for lunch at the Wonder Palms, where the new Mexican badminton game, "Peteca," played with large shuttlecocks by hand, is the rage. Also Roddy and Gail held up the party by indulging in a game of croquet played on a sand court instead of a grassy one, making it twice as difficult.

Then the party rode on, stopping overnight at the luxurious Desert Retreat and arising early enough in the morning to get to the widely-advertised "Pimm's Cup" tournament that former silent screen star, Charlie Farrell, who is the present mayor of Palm Springs, had arranged at his famed Racquet Club.

This really had its inception many years ago when Charlie, who was a top star, came back from a trip to London with a new drink called "Pimm's Cup." It caught on with the stars—it's as cool as a cucumber, says Reggie Gardiner, because it has a cucumber in it—and soon spread across the country. This year, when Charlie's great friend, John Finney came on from England, he and Charlie got together and literally "concocted" this tennis tournament to which all the stars flocked.

The surprise came when Ginger Rogers (who, as usual, was in perfect form) beat Gussie Lace Pants Moran, the Wimbledon champion, to win the silver trophy. Not even Ginger's closest friends realized that Ginger was such a net star. Ginger was very modest and claimed that it was only due to the help of her partner that she won.

Another dramatic moment occurred when Gloria De Haven, who had entered the tournament lists with Andre Previn, came back to the bar and found herself seated opposite John Payne, who was "stagging it" with agent A. C. Lyles. Neither of them spoke and after a few minutes John got up, excused himself and left.

Our little party of mounted weekenders, however, stayed for a "Pimm's Cup," some supper and then took a moonlight ride across the desert to a spot called the "Stables," where a former Governor of Texas furnishes square dancing for those who care to "swing their partners and cut to the left" until the wee small hours.

Tops In Movie Music

TICTOR'S "Jolson Sings Again" al-V bum, starring Tommy Dorsey, Tony Martin, Phil Harris, Vaughn Monroe, Sammy Kaye and Count Basie . . . Guy Lombardo's "Farewell Amanda," from "Adam's Rib," coupled with "Wunderbar" for Decca . . . "A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes," from Walt Disney's "Cinderella," coupled with "Crazy He Calls Me" by Marjorie Hughes for Columbia . . . "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," from film of the same name, and "Charlie, My Boy" by the Andrews Sisters and Russ Morgan for Decca . . . Tony Martin's "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" album for Victor. . . .

Tops in Pops:

T) ING CROSBY'S "Mule Train" and "Dear Hearts, Gentle People" for Decca . . . "Wunderbar" and "I'll String Along With You" by Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae for Capitol . . . "The Old Master Painter" and "Why Was I Born" by Dick Haymes and Four Hits And A Miss for Decca . . . Perry Como's "Hush, Little Darlin" and "I Wanna Go Home" for Victor . . . David Rose's "When The Wind Was Green" and "Leave It To Love" for MGM . . . "I'll Never Slip Around Again" and "Game Of Broken Hearts" by Doris Day for Columbia . . . "Fairy Tales" and "I Gotta Have My Baby Back" by the Mills Brothers and Ella Fitzgerald for Decca ... "Fargo Fanny" and "What Fer Didja" by Dorothy Shay for Columbia . . . Kay Kyser's "Altar In The Pines" and "I'm Startin' Sweetheartin' Again" for Columbia . . . Tommy Tucker's "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon" and "If I Were You" for MGM . . . Frank Sinatra's "They Remind Me" and "Sorry" for Columbia . . . Xavier Cugat's "Tropical Bouquets" album for Columbia. . . .

Other Toppers:

"CEND Ten Pretty Flowers To My Girl In Tennessee" and "Puppet's Holiday" by Irving Fields Trip for Victor . . . Columbia's "Dixie By Dorsey," with Jimmy Dorsey and his Original Jazz Band . . . "Songs She Made Famous" album by Ethel Merman for Decca . . . "Buddy Clark's Encores" album for Columbia . . . Blue Barron's "Rose McGillicudy" and "The Photographer And The Stenographer" for MGM . . . "My Hero" and "Tell Me Why" by Ralph Flanagan for Victor . . . Eddie Cantor's "I Never See Maggie Alone" and "The Old Piano Roll Blues" for Victor . . . "The Galloping Comedians" and "Cancan" by Macklin Marrow for MGM . . . Russ Morgan's "Where Are You Blue Eyes?" and "Johnson Rag" for Decca . . . "Here's The Way We'll Fall In Love" and "I Want You To Want Me" by Shep Fields for MGM. . . .

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Another ingratiating Gable quality is that he is always willing to do what a friend, or a crowd, wants to do. He is supremely the good scout. At our house one evening, a group of guests were gathered around the pool enjoying a cocktail before dinner. One of the men who had just arrived from a blistering day on location, suggested that everyone pop into bathing suits and have a quick dip in the pool before the buffet table was ready.

This ambitious swimmer was laughingly refused by all the other guests until he turned to Clark. "Sure I'll go in with you if it's company you want," said that

amiable gentleman.

Although I have read occasionally about the charities of other actors, I don't believe I have ever read more than a brief paragraph or two about Clark's kindnesses. He always does a friend a favor as if it were disgraceful. During the making of our picture, I learned in a round-about way that one of the technicians had suffered two tragedies in succession. We were planning to do something helpful when we were told that need for aid no longer existed. "It's already been taken care of," we were told. No names were given.

Being the curious type (my sex gives me the right) I inquired among those who seemed to know what had been going on. Eventually I learned that Clark had passed the man on the set and had slipped a generous sum of money into the man's shirt pocket, then had rushed away as if he, Clark, had committed a crime.

This past year has been, in many ways, a rather sad one for Clark. Although he is always in perfect control of himself, he has suffered some serious losses. In January, Victor Fleming passed away. Mr. Fleming was the director who guided Clark through "Gone With The Wind" and many other outstanding successes. He and Clark were not only comfortable co-workers, but understanding friends.

The loss of Frank Morgan was another severe blow. I remember that I came home from a radio broadcast, bubbling about some of the minor miscues that sometimes occur over the air. Clark and several others were to be our dinner guests that night, so Clark was sitting on the terrace with Tom (my husband) and

one or two others.

At first I was so busy telling the story of my day that I didn't notice their air of restrained dejection. They tried to enter into the spirit of my recital.

Finally, when I had dropped into a chair with a long sigh, Tom said, "Clark has something to tell you, dear."

Clark said, "I'm afraid this is going to be a terrible shock. Do you feel all right?"

Even at that moment, when he was torn up inside, he had the natural chivalry to be thoughtful of me.

"Tell me," I insisted. "I'd rather know quickly."

"Frank died this afternoon," he said

quietly.

I simply stared at him. "Frank who?" I asked. Not for an instant did it occur to me that it was Frank Morgan. I had talked to him the previous day, and he had been full of plans for the future. Having finished the picture with us, he was discussing a new script, making plans for another boat trip, keeping himself happy and busy—two of his chief characteristics.

"One more," Clark said heavily. "One more gone."

He served as one of the pallbearers. Three days later he served as a pallbearer for another old and beloved friend, Sam Wood.

According to a friend who knows Clark well, he still carries a locket in which there is a soft, blonde curl—one of Carole Lombard's.

The years have brought changes around Clark Gable, and they have brought changes within him. He is a better actor now than ever, and a wiser human being.

Before we started the picture, I had a print of that wonderful old picture, "It Happened One Night," run for me so that I could study Clark's comedy technique. He was impressive. However, when I saw the rushes of "Key To The City" I realized that he was even better than ever in the first comedy role he has assayed since "It Happened One Night."

In closing, I would like to say that the Clark Gable who is called "King" in his studio is something far more important than a king to his fellow Americans: he is a real man.

"Don't Be A Glamour Girl!"

Continued from page 36

worry about all the things that are needed of for glamour. I'd like to be an exciting actress on the screen, but if anyone expects to be entertained by me in such trappings in real life, he has another think coming.

"The studio has never tried to make me a glamour girl. Oh, I did have one typical sitting when I was first cast in 'Captain From Castile.' You know—all the glamour poses. But that was the end. They got one look at me dashing about in levis, as I did most of the time, and decided to save their energy. I just wasn't the sequin type."

Jean is a much too active person to

You'll usually find her around the house in blue jeans and a man's shirt, which is perfect attire for her mad passion for riding bicycles. She also goes in for swimming and golf. She's a rabid fan of baseball games, too. On the domestic side, she's a great cook. And as for the artistic endeavors, she's done some painting. She was taking piano lessons for a while but decided to give that up. Her evenings are spent mainly going to the movies.

And that brings up the date business. Here, too, she conforms to no pattern. She dates but seldom.



Luscious Rhonda Fleming with John Hart at recent premiere of "The Heiress."

"I don't go out with any famous actors at all as young glamour girls are supposed to," Jean admitted. "You know —being seen in the right places by the right people. I don't want to go with celebrities. Most of the men I know don't enjoy the things I do, so I seldom date. As for night clubs, I've been in each of the big ones here once since I came to Hollywood. That was quite enough for me. Nor do I go to Hollywood parties. When I first came here I got invitations to parties from people I'd never even met. I couldn't understand this at all, so I turned most of them down. Now I'm not invited so much. I'm sort of the 'mystery' girl in town.

"I hear it's important for a young star to be seen at such affairs—especially since some producer might see her and put her in a picture. But I just can't be bothered with that type of thing.

"Oh, I did go to one cocktail party when I first arrived in Hollywood—and I've never forgotten it. Jane Nigh, a friend of mine, inveigled me into going. After we got there, she dashed off some place and left me standing in a corner by myself. Suddenly, an actor came up to me and began to tell me all of his woes —about his home and his career troubles. He talked for forty-five minutes and I couldn't get away. I don't think I said more than two words during the entire time. I was confused since I'd never even met the man before, and I was a little scared, so that was the end of my party interest."

When it comes to glamour in Holly-wood, Jean thinks it's vastly over-rated.

"So much of it," she went on, "is so fakey and phony—intended as an eye-catcher. Glamour is such a superficial, manufactured thing for the most part. There's too little emphasis on bringing out a girl's real personal charm. Instead, she's put in a mould and kept there. This creates very dull girls as a rule.

"I do think, though, that Hollywood is gradually getting away from stereotyped glamour now. There seems to be more interest today in healthy, natural girls than in the languorous dolls with the long limousines and the Russian wolf hounds. Most of the girls I know at the studio, as a matter of fact, don't

drink or smoke. That makes me feel like a 'dangerous' woman since I do smoke.

"Glamour, as such, has its place. But so does normalcy. I've been lucky enough to escape the glamour treatment, probably because I've never gone to the places where it's needed.

"I think girls who go in purely for glamour lose their individuality. They become just like everyone else. I can't see why anyone wants to lose her personality, why she thinks she must conform to the latest styles and slang and hairdos if they're not right for her.

"When you come right down to it, glamour is usually considered a synonym for sex appeal. And I don't like women who seem to put up a sign, 'I'm out to trap a man.' An excess amount of the product gives a man the wrong idea and takes away from his natural right to be the pursuer.

"I honestly believe that most men are scared of glamour girls. Oh, I know a man who sees a luscious gal is attracted to her for a while, but he can't go on being interested for long in a girl who continues to give the 'come-hither' look to every other man. A woman should be more unconcerned and let herself be pursued."

Jean then launched into a discussion of how girls can be natural and attractive and develop real glamour. And what she said made sense.

"I think a girl must know herself first," Jean said quietly. "And that takes

time. I'm just now beginning to know what I'd really like to be and do. I believe a girl can be attractive if she will concentrate on the things that make her the happiest and thereby develop a certain self-assurance and poise, which are a real part of glamour. Above all, she should learn not to follow the herd, but to be herself. And she can become such an individual by taking up special interests.

"It's hard to do this sort of thing in Hollywood where young actresses are so often expected to conform to a pattern. I've managed to keep my balance, I think, because I've never mingled too much. There is a tendency here to gather unto yourself quick, casual 'friends.' It's, therefore, hard to make real friends.

"I guess I was saved from the typical Hollywood pitfalls because I was seldom in town when I first came here. For three months after I arrived I went to the Actors Lab to study and was with the kids there. Then I was sent to Mexico for five months on location for 'Captain From Castile.' After I returned, I discovered Laguna Beach and I spent a lot of time there. So I didn't have a chance to get Hollywood-ized.

"There are two things I don't like about getting in the Hollywood swim: the star system and the attitude of 'I'll do you a favor if you do me one.' I've never liked to see stars catered to. Fortunately, that's on the wane now and the treatment they receive is much more on the democratic side. As for doing favors, I don't let myself get in such a

spot. I never open up to people I don't know and, as a result, I'm not doing favors for anyone but my closest friends. And I expect nothing in return from them.

"I've not developed any strange illusions about my career, either. I've merely tried to work hard and to improve. Seeing pictures all of the time has been of real help, and I always go to the director, the cameraman, and the other players, when I make a picture, for their advice. Ray Milland was especially helpful on 'It Happens Every Spring,' and Henry King would spend hours advising me about any problems I might have, on my first two pictures. But I'm only just now finding out what I need to know about my work. I've begun to realize what I'm capable of doing and what I'm not ready for. I turned down one part awhile back because I knew I couldn't give it the complicated characterization it demanded.

"It's more important to me to become a good actress than it is to develop phony glamour. I intend to be just what I am—and if that means I don't follow a pattern, so much the better. After all, I want to enjoy life—and not feel that I'm on exhibition as a calendar ad."

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been using the tablets and the Plan. When I returned to my Doctor for a check up this month, I was 20 pounds lighter and feel good in the bargain." Mrs. A. S., Dearborn, Mich *Your experience may, of course, vary.

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Roughneck's Views On Women

Continued from page 41

was hopefully suggested.

"No one calls me handsome," he said. "But, maybe, being 6 feet tall and weighing 215 and having thick shoulders and a big chest, I do look like a fellow who packs a punch and can take it. I've been told I have a good, loud voice and use it like a baseball umpire."

"A voice loaded with authority?" we

asked.

"Perhaps," he replied. "All I ask of it is to make the personality behind it vivid."

The films are finding steady use for both the voice and the personality. You'd recognize both even though you came across them in the dark of the Burma Road. You'd recognize them even though they were disguised as Yogi Berra, Alben Barkley or Ben Hur. Recognizing them, you'd feel a bit stimulated. It's the romantic appeal Paul puts across.

The way he captivates the women would give romantic appeal to a tax collector. He'd make such a man a most welcome house guest. His rugged personality and throaty voice and suave sincerity and the odd sensitive streak shining through the hardboiled exterior

would back him up.

"I've never lost my zest for life," he declared, sipping his breakfast coffee and lighting a cigarette. "Maybe I communicate this spirit to the women out front. After a war, you know, people are closer to reality. Life takes on new patterns. People are eager for new adventure. They're restless. They seek fulfillment of their dreams.

"I hope I'm not conveying the impression I'm some sort of dream-man, making feminine hearts palpitate by clasping Linda Darnell or Celeste Holm to my broad chest. But it's pleasant to know that the male-man also can ring twice. And, judging from the fan letters, I guess I'm acceptable.

"It all goes back to living life. I ought to know, I've done a lot of it. Every split second—in the movies, at least has been an exciting experience.

"There's nothing new in treating women rough," he said. "I mean getting away with it while thousands of men cheer, inwardly. Women have been slapped around for years on the screen and stage, even booted around. Sometimes they are even shown as liking it. But the technique is all wrong, unreal.

"There's a time for slapping, there's also a time for patting. Patting crudely, maybe, but affectionately. Maybe, the cruder the patting the more sincere seems the affection. Throughout, you must really be sincere, really be the well-meaning, honest, blundering, impulsive belligerent. If you also can combine a naive inability to cope with women and a seeming knowledge of all the answers during your blunt, natural warfare, so much the better."

Paul explained that the idea, really, is to convince women you're "a strong, rough-moulded, self-made, important brute who can be led by a string and

would eat out of her hand when the right woman comes along."

"Luckily, the right woman always comes along in my pictures," he said, "which makes it easy for the women in the audience to—I'm speaking theoretically now—to visualize themselves as the dame who leads the self-made brute by the string."

Smacking his lady friend around in play, talking and acting boisterously and, when necessary, displaying a heart of gold, boosted him right up the ladder to the Hollywood heavens. Here, the film tycoons discovered, was the ideal womansmacker-who-could-be-tender.

Early in 1949, his first movie, "A Letter To Three Wives," opened. It was a hit, with burly Paul Douglas playing a wolfish business man, being buckled gently into the marriage halter by Linda Darnell.

Came the baseball comedy, "It Happens Every Spring," and he demonstrated he wasn't a one-picture wonder. He also proved, in the role of a catcher resembling Yogi Berra, he was one of the best straight-faced comedians in the busi-

"No slapping little women around in that picture," he beamed. "I was slapping myself around. It was fun. If I was natural in the part, if I acted something like a big league catcher, it's because I had expert coaching from Harry Danning, former N.Y. Giants catcher."

Douglas' third picture, "Everybody Does It," is a hit, too. He made a personal appearance at the Roxy in New York when it opened there and it brought him a sharp reminder of his quick rise to movie stardom.

"I used to be a radio announcer for a dance band in the Hotel Taft Grill," he recalled. "It's only a short step from the microphone in the Grill to the Roxy stage. But the other night, I suddenly discovered it was, for me, the longest step in the world. I had to pinch myself to realize I had made it. Incidentally, in this picture I have quite a time subduing Celeste Holm before she leads me to the slaughter."

His current film is "Love That Brute," with Jean Peters having the assignment of taming the blundering behemoth after undergoing as nice a mauling as Paul has offered on the screen.

Is this natural comedian, who can be so brutishly endearing, or endearingly brutish, in peril of being "typed" in Hollywood? He doesn't think so. His parts, he insists, are varied. They range from broad burlesque to deft satire—affording him, at intervals, opportunities to do some serious work. If he can make a character come to life, make him so vivid and real that the actor, himself, is obliterated, then he has, he believes, accomplished his mission.

In the picture he made in Germany, tentatively titled "Two Corridors East," which dramatizes the more human and comic aspects of the Berlin Air Lift, he plays a master sergeant of the Air Force by the name of Hank.

"Believe me," he added, "he's rough,

really rough.

"I fall in love with a pretty little blonde fraulein this time—she's played by a petite eye-filling honey named Bruni Löebel, a German stage and screen actress. But I go back to my wife in the end. I do a lot of flying in this picture—over the Air Lift route from Frankfort to Berlin. There's some wonderful photography in the film, incidentally. It's the work of Charlie Clark, the cameraman who photographed 'Miracle On 34th Street.'"

Paul said he was hopeful he is a "realistic Air Force sarge" in the picture.

Douglas, on the screen, is not like an actor with so much time on his hands he has nothing to do but TALK. Paul gives out a load of talk, too, but he supplements words with action. There's a

difference. It's what fills the theatres where one of his pictures is playing. Yet, he insists he's not the Great Lover, doesn't look like him, doesn't act like him.

"Not by any stretch of the imagination could I pass for a Romeo," he said. "Not even when the lighting is low. Not even when I'm in the shadows. I'm glad I'm not a menace, either, the guy who likes to beat up a dame for the sake of beating.

"Maybe I'm the fellow in-between the one who can raise hell with a woman and raise geraniums on the side, who can be suspicious in an overwhelming way and also as trustful as a babe, who can turn a crafty business deal and cannot cope with a woman—except on her terms.

"I'll be honest with myself and you. I'm a brute at heart, and the right kind of woman can always tame a brute."

House Of The Seven Garbos

Continued from page 43

herself out the window and down two flights very carefully by means of a sheet, and just play-acted the rest. She got results, too. The unrequited love couldn't get back fast enough and was happy just to be her slave.

At the other end of the upstairs hall lived an olive-skinned beauty who had just arrived from Mexico. Her name was Linda Christian. There was only one word to describe Linda, and that was "Beautiful." You couldn't take your eyes off her, and she had a mysterious sultry way about everything she did. Linda was "beautiful" in curlers, or climbing out of a swimming pool, or when she was frying an egg. She never confided much in anyone, but pursued her career quietly and surely, as if she was certain what the outcome would be. We all knew, too, in a silent way that it could be only one thing for Linda. . . . fame, and we just waited for it, the way we waited for the sun to rise in the morning.

Linda's roommate was Ruth Roman and they were as opposite as night and day. Ruthie was one of those rare beauties who had only one ambition in life, and she never swerved from her path. She knew that one day she would be a great actress. She wasn't sure if she would be a popular one, but she would be a great one, and that was all she wanted. She rarely went out on dates, but studied endlessly, and as she was the Divine Sarah of the group, she used to regale us with scenes enacted from the great tragedies. Ruthie's favorite attire was a pair of worn dungarees and ballet slippers, a sweat shirt and no makeup.

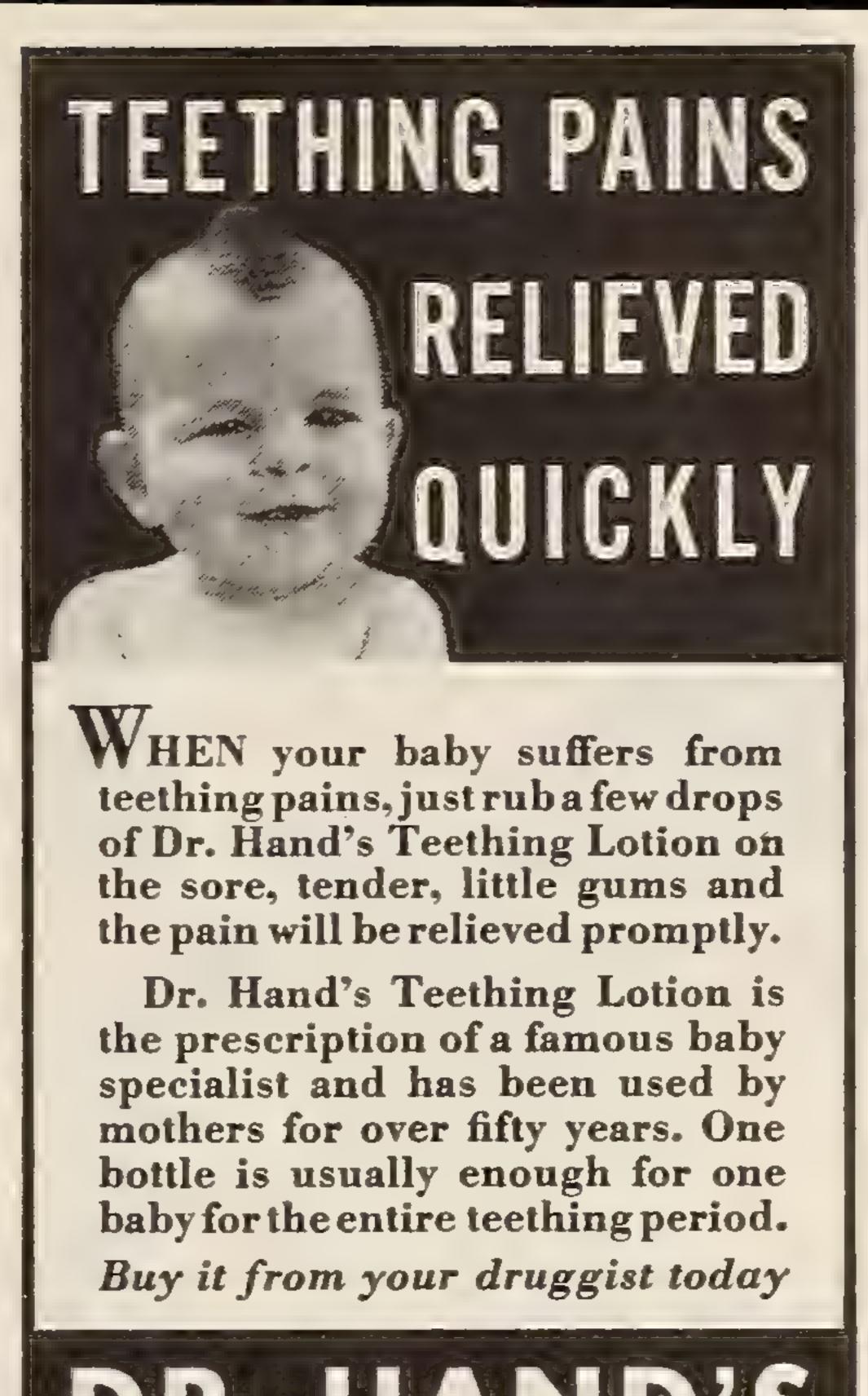
The only actor who made Ruthie dreamy-eyed was Tyrone Power. As we came home after a date at night, we would gather at the kitchen table to chat and drink cups of coffee. Ruthie would always join us, in her usual casual attire, and give us all a lift with her bright personality. She would pepper our tame conversation to her taste, and then pro-

claim in Shakespearian tones that one day she would be a famous actress, "and who do you think I'll have for my leading man, my friends? Tyrone Power!" We would laugh at her, and secretly wonder if she might not be right.

The dignity of the house in general was presided over and encouraged by Kristine Miller, who was blonde haired, high of cheekbone, grey eyed. Kristine had balance, she would check some of our madder impulses, kept us calm when that was necessary. Her manner was quiet and refined, and she had a way of touching a grubby coffeepot as if it were the tiara of the Empress Josephine. In spite of her reserve, we all knew that Kristine had a fine future for her somewhere, and we felt that she was an excellent actress.

Good-natured Karen Gaylord, who was once "Miss Minnesota," and almost "Miss America," was good to all of us. Karen had already been elected by Mr. Goldwyn to be a Goldwyn girl and we were a little in awe of her. She would lend us her clothes or her money, giving us a long time to pay back the latter. She wasn't extravagant with her money, and was terribly serious about her work. She went about the business of being a Goldwyn girl in much the same way a bank clerk sends out bank statements at the end of the month. But to look at her gorgeous figure, foamy red hair and large green eyes, it was hard to imagine Karen ever being serious about anything, let alone money. Glamour never intrigued Karen; she wanted to meet a nice young man and settle down. Meantime, working and seeing her breathtaking loveliness reproduced on billboards and magazine covers was "all right." She could wait for what she really wanted.

Betty Cargle was introduced to the house by Karen and was a fellow Goldwyn girl. Betty, too, looked forward to a happy marriage, and was just the girl to make a marriage happy. She and Karen



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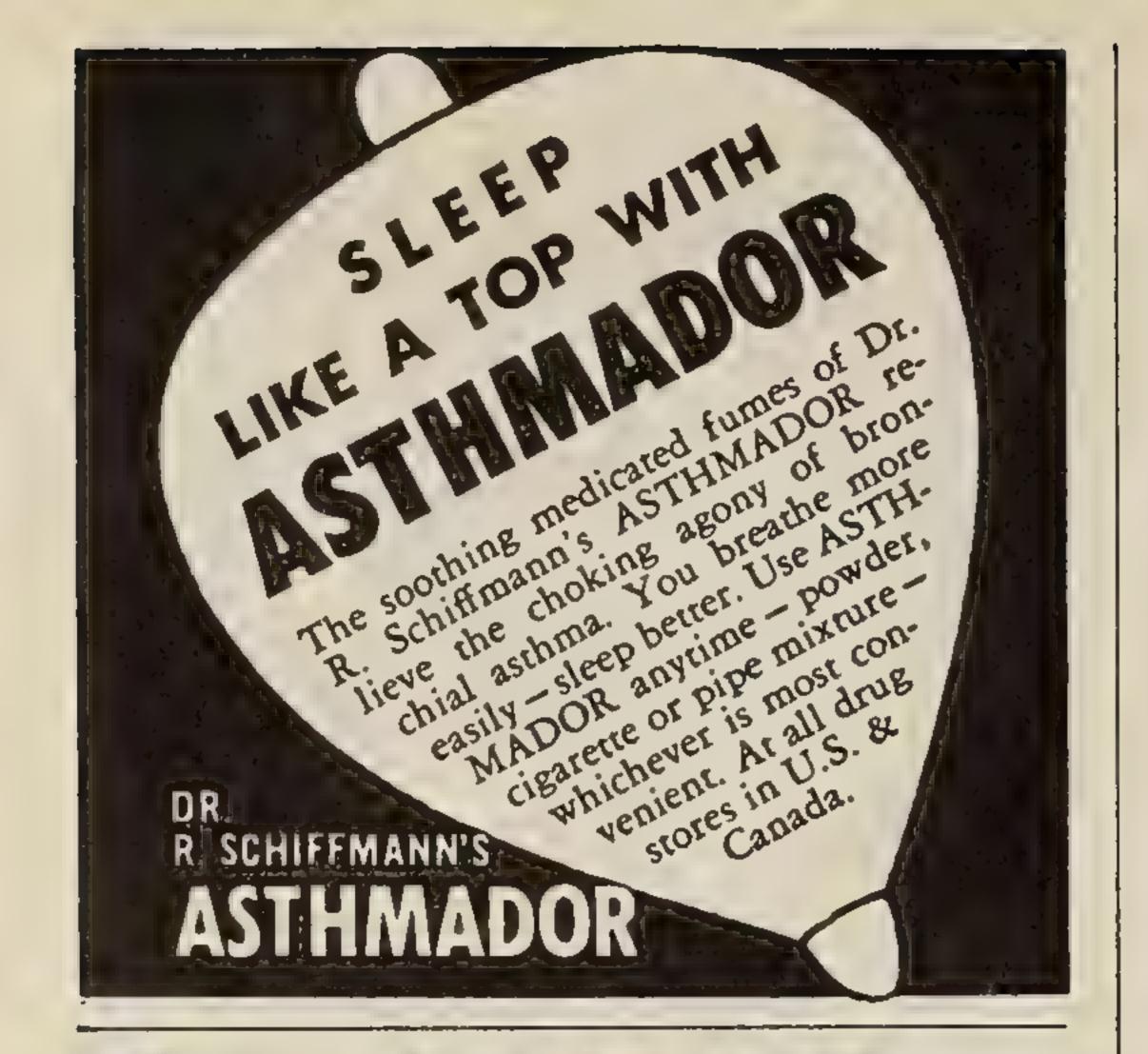
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shared a room and there was never a bobby pin out of place, whereas the room that Deannie and I inhabited would always be chaos. Sweet and lovely Betty would look right at home whipping up biscuits or taking a roast out of the oven. Still she was as glamourous as Chanel No. 5, and was the sixth pillar of our House Of The Seven Garbos.

I, of course, was the seventh, but that can wait until later.

Some of the girls were making progress, others were going out too much with the local glamour boys and losing interest. But we were being educated, we were learning, for we were young and had a lot to learn from the complicated realm of striving and ambition that is Hollywood. We learned to laugh at hard luck, to cry softly so as not to upset the others, and to fight and not hurt our opponents.

I remember the time Ruth Roman waited for two weeks before she was informed by wire that the part was hers and to report for work the following morning. On that big day we all rose early to help Ruthie prepare for her important chance. We saw to it that she was carefully and beautifully attired and made up, and each one of us offered her some small article of clothing or a piece of earnest advice. When she returned late that night none of us knew who she was. It was then that she told us her part consisted of having the zanier member of a comedy team douse her completely in mud. Let them cover you with mud, we laughed, someday you'll be covered in ermine, and throw a little mud yourself. And maybe as the star of the picture.

I soon had my chance, too, and landed a small part in "The Story Of Doctor Wassell." They took out half my dialogue, which left me a remainder of only one line. I wasn't too discouraged however: though a screen career had seemed like fun, deep in my heart my one desire was to write. I decided that being a movie star wasn't for me, and left that wonderful house to move to New York. I have since become a press agent, and my first book, "How To Meet A Millionaire," is coming off the presses this year. And the other day when I was asked by Screenland to do a story on the House Of The Seven Garbos, I realized that my

"day" had really arrived. The years had gone by and I had known success, but the true confirmation was writing about those lovely girls who have since become celebrities in their own right.

Let's look in again and see what happened to them. And I think you'll share my belief that God is good and tries to help those who help themselves, when you see the results.

Our gay little Deannie Best eventually met a wealthy, handsome businessman, and happily gave up her string of Romeos for a quiet life and a delightful house in Beverly Hills.

Producer Hal Wallis sensed the glint of talent through the beauty of Kristine Miller, and signed her to a long-term contract. She has been in several pictures, and is well on her way to success.

Betty Cargle also got her wish when I introduced her to a young war correspondent in New York. She married the man who is known far and wide for his brilliant articles and his name is Collie Small. They are expecting a gift from the stork, and Betty presides over a Park Avenue apartment, and a dachshund named "Alimony."

Karen Gaylord married actor Don Maguire. She helps her husband out on his weekly television show, and does all the cooking between times at their home in Bel Aire estates. So Karen has her cake and eats it, too.

Ruth Roman made a smash hit in "The Champion," got fine notices in "The Window," "Beyond The Forest" and "Always Leave Them Laughing," and has been picked as being the biggest discovery since Bette Davis. "She skyrocketed to fame," I read in the journals, and I have to chuckle to myself, for I know that it took years of hard work and devotion to make her the fine actress she is.

Ruthie never played opposite Tyrone Power, her idol, but since she has achieved her real dream . . . that of becoming a top notch actress . . . maybe that chance will come. But I can't help but wonder, how much it will mean now.

Linda Christian, of course, is happily married to Ty and has given up her career because she is so content and busy being Mrs. Power.

Lesson From Lili

Continued from page 45

and the Boul' Mich—in Paris, that is, not Chicago—she has told the American public, which always goes for such stuff, that "American men know less about love than a high school boy in France."

Now, says Lili, she shouldn't have said American men, but men in Hollywood! That's one reason why she thinks the love scenes in our movies are such "steenkers." (And from now on we'll drop the accent so you don't get bored with the whole thing.)

Censorship, she holds, is another contributing factor to the lack of realism in American films generally and love scenes in particular.

"Here pictures are made to reach everybody. They are censored so that supposedly they won't hurt anybody. If love scenes are stereotyped and dull, the censors think they won't give adolescents any bad ideas. Yet those same adolescents are allowed to grow up faster here than anywhere in Europe because their parents bend over backwards to be 'modern' and broadminded," says Lili.

"In everything else, sex is overemphasized to American youngsters, especially to girls. They wear makeup and dark polish too young, they go out on dates too young. They wear high heels and mature styles too soon. Boys have

cars too soon. Both boys and girls drink too young-and too much. They have too many liberties because their parents give them those liberties. They have too much money and don't know what to do with their leisure unless they are spending money.

"I think girls should have freedom when they are able to assume responsibility, and I don't think they've

reached that age until 20!"

Lili would like it clearly understood that she loves America. She should! She's turned a neat dollar with her dress shoppe on Sunset Boulevard where she whips up gowns for the movie colony's femmes who are daring enough to wear her creations. But she still finds lots of things which could be bettered in her adopted land and this Gallic, 5'1" bombshell is not a gal to keep quiet. She'll talk on anything, especially her favorite topics which were mentioned above. And if now and then she contradicts herself, or seems to, she's a woman, isn't she? And with a fine, French shrug, she dismisses it.

Lili thinks American women should wear sexier clothes, including women in movies. Yet she feels-Lili, who designs plunging necklines down to HERE—that the fads of revealing sweaters and extreme uplift brassieres, so often padded, are overdone on and off screen and are in bad taste as compared to a deep decollete. Her answer to that apparent contradiction, and referring to a low neckline, is:

"The obvious is never obvious!

"Clothes in French films have more sex appeal because they are more feminine, more individual," she continues. "A decollete may seem obvious, but can be aesthetic. But a sweater is more of a come on, just plain sex. Any woman can be feminine if she studies her type. I think one of the worst styles American women subscribe to is the shirtmaker dress. It is so unalluring!"

It is Lili's contention that even a shirtmaker dress could have a plunging neckline—and be alluring! (Can you imagine what the Boss would say if his secretary turned up at the office in that little

item!)

But don't get Lili wrong. She doesn't advocate plunging necklines for the office or schoolroom; she deplores the overemphasis on uplifts and tight sweaters there, remember? She feels there should be more femininity in office and school clothes, if we follow her correctly—and that's not always easy. Anyway, she adds that those real sexy items she whips up are strictly date dresses—for cocktails and the evening.

"A strapless gown is not necessarily sexy," says our expert. "It certainly isn't if it is not becoming. A woman should choose a decollete according to her shoulders, neck and arms, according to her build and personality. I don't advocate extremely low necklines for matrons, but I think too many of them wear too-high ones and all they do is call attention to necks no longer so pretty as they once were. A medium neckline would be more flattering."

Teenagers—who always want to grow

up too fast, according to Lili-should dress their age, but she is soooo glad they aren't quite so interested in blue jeans any more. For them, she recommends full skirts, feminine dresses. She wishes they'd stop overemphasis on uplifts. She suggests they wear nothing more extreme than a modest oval neckline for evening —"not one to look into."

"From the age of 10 to 20, girls here rush their age. Then from 20 on until 60 they try to stand still and refuse to age gracefully; even when they are grandmothers they always think of themselves and their friends as 'The Girls.' American women are too age conscious at all ages and never act their true age, it seems to me.

"American people are the handsomest under the sun. The girls have the best figures, possibly because they are so athletic. But I don't think they should look like athletes; why can't they dress in more feminine styles? Women here dress to please women. I think they should dress to please men, and use their clothes to win a man, not to lose him!"

Lili, like most French women, believes black is the sexiest color for women's clothes and opines that many clothes designed in California are "too gaudy." She adds that the "essence of bad taste is wearing a mink coat over slacks." She hates slacks on women, anyway.

Although she admits she is a rather "emancipated" young woman, she feels she is completely feminine, thinks all women should be and doesn't hold with a lot of American ideas about marriage.

"American marriages of today seem too immature, based on pleasure hunting instead of permanence and family life. If there were less drinking and partying and more concentration on home and children. I believe there would be fewer divorces.

A few months ago when Lili delivered her first verbal blast at American men she charged that they were casual lovers who ran from woman to woman, who sat in nightclubs and drank all night. After thinking it over she has decided those men she was criticizing were "the shallow, cafe society types" whom she has met in New York and Hollywood.

"Naturally, not all American men can afford to sit in nightclubs all the time. But so many average young American men seem to have a very haphazard philosophy on love and marriage."

Returning to the subject of clothes, Lili is saddened by the fact that American girls are such "copyists."

"The movies set a standard of beauty and every girl tries to live up to it.

"In Europe, the average girl doesn't try so slavishly to look like and dress like her favorite movie star and, therefore, she is a more distinct individual than the average American girl.

"Even in movies here there is a 'pattern of prettiness,' with the result that most of the younger actresses look so much alike. You see the same types again

and again.

"Clothes designed for the screen are usually lovely, but the girls inside them too often look alike. Also, I think most



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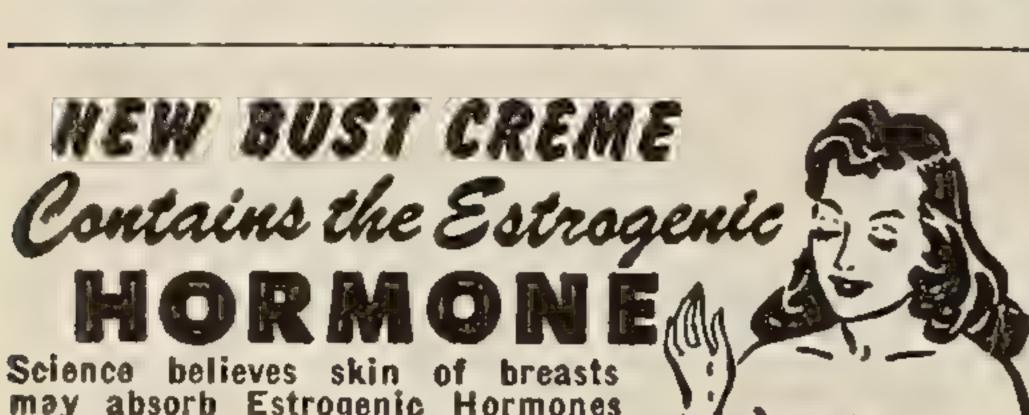
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movie clothes are too elaborate for the characters portrayed. A little working girl turns up in a dress obviously custom made, when she should be wearing an \$8 frock. Why be so afraid of realism?

"American pictures are still glorifying luxury, gangsters and other extreme aspects of life here which give Europeans an entirely false idea. Not all pictures; there have been many good ones recently. But until more pictures here are realistic, adult and honest they will continue

to be misleading. It's a shame that there cannot be pictures made for adults, and others for children, so that censorship would not be imposed on the adult films as it is now. But then, the movie industry has been trying to settle this for years. I'm not an expert!"

On two things Lili does feel she's an expert—clothes and behavior for women. And her advice on those topics is adamant:

"Be feminine!"

Moments That Changed His Life

Continued from page 49

seemed the answer. I then analyzed the various radio audiences and found that the best times were in the early morning, late afternoon, and early evenings, so I began to make the rounds and managed to line up sustaining jobs with different stations at those hours. Only one station paid me, however, and that was WHAT and they gave me 70 cents a week for carfare.

"Thinking back on those days, I'm once again reminded how much I owe my wife."

Time skips to Cleveland, Christmas Eve, 1939. The place—the Statler Hotel.

And here again fate stepped in.

"I'd been singing with Harry James" band, but I found that my sixty-five dollars a week didn't go far enough, what with having to pay expenses while on tour," Frank continued. "Besides, Nancy, Jr. had arrived. So I decided to quit and go with Tommy Dorsey. But on that Christmas Eve I came down with a temperature of 104. The doctor refused to let me sing that night and ordered me to bed. He sent the bellboy for some medicine and told me to take a teaspoon every hour. A little later, Nancy called long distance to find out how I was. I minimized the whole thing, not wanting to worry her, but I was never so close to death as I was then. A short time after she called, the bellboy brought me a package. I opened it and found a pair of gloves. I put them on—I'll never know why since I was so sick—and was surprised to find that I couldn't quite get my fingers into them. Something seemed to be stuffed in the gloves. I reached down and found a dollar bill in each of the fingers. The package was from Nancy and it was money she had saved for me. I decided then and there that I couldn't let this wife of mine down. That I had to amount to something for her. I realized for the first time how much I wanted to be a success. Not for myself—but for her.

Three years passed and Frank was moving ahead—but slowly. He did come to Hollywood where he had a spot in a picture called "Reveille for Beverly." By this time he had quit Dorsey's band and was booking himself into theatres and clubs. One of the theatres he appeared in was the Mosque Theatre in Newark. This was in November, 1942.

"One night after my song," Frank said, "I was surprised to find Bob Weitman,

out where I could get my start and radio manager of the Paramount Theatre in New York, waiting to see me. He asked me how I'd like to open at the Paramount as an added attraction for Christmas week. He could promise me a twoweeks booking. I was really amazed and naturally I said I'd like it very much. He then discussed salary. I vaguely heard a figure that sounded like \$2500 a week. It was more than I ever thought I'd earn, but becoming very professional I said I'd discuss it with my attorney. Needless to say, I did open at the Paramount on December 31, 1942.

"I'll never forget my first show there." I was as nervous as a sick cat. Benny Goodman and his orchestra were on the bill, and Benny was the master-of-ceremonies. Now he, great guy that he is, had a habit of never being able to remember names. When it came time to introduce me, he said, 'Now, I present --' and he looked at a piece of paper— 'Frank Sinatra.' From out front came a loud squealing and yelling from several thousand easily impressed young ladies. Benny was so confused as to the cause of the reception that he said into the mike, without realizing he could be heard—'What the hell is that?' He thought something had happened on the stage. His remark so amused me that I couldn't help laughing, and, as a result, I got over my nervousness. Ever since then when I go on a stage, I'm usually smiling or chuckling. People have often asked me why I make such an entrance. Well, it's because I always think of Benny's reaction that day at the Paramount."

After he finished at the Paramount, a group of men from the Rio Bamba, a prominent night club, offered Frank a deal to sing there. Many of Frank's friends advised him to turn the offer down, but instead he accepted. And again fate showed him the right way. It was while he was here that such columnists as Louis Sobol and Earl Wilson discovered Frank . . . where such terms as "Swoonatra" were coined . . . where Frank came into real prominence. And it was here also that the first record of a woman's fainting during a Sinatra appearance was established.

"The press had it that my song made the lady faint," Frank laughed, "but the truth of the matter was that the place was so crowded there wasn't enough air and she just keeled over."

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At any rate, this began the era of the

swooning women.

The next moment that Frank remembers avidly was during President Roose-

velt's second term.

"What happened was that the late Robert Hannegan, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee, invited me, along with Rags Ragland, Toots Shor, and about 100 others, to a reception at the White House," Frank said sincerely. "I stood in line with the others waiting to meet President Roosevelt—and I was never so scared in my life. I had no idea what I'd say to him. When I got to the President, he took care of the situation himself. With a smile he whispered to me, 'Tip me offwhat's the number one song on the Hit Parade?' That was all he said to meand all I could do was make some remark and go off laughing. From that day on I was a great booster for the President. He impressed me so much I even named my son after him."

The last big moment came in June 1944. Frank was in Hollywood and was signed by RKO. But Joe Pasternak, MGM producer, borrowed him for the highly successful "Anchors Aweigh." After the picture was finished, Frank re-

turned to RKO, not being aware that it was to be such a hit. The studio, however, had nothing ready for him. Then, one night, he made an appearance at Earl Carroll's at a big benefit and sang "Old Man River." Louis B. Mayer was in the audience at the time and after he heard Frank sing he said, "We have to get that boy. We can use him in pictures." Frank was later brought to Mayer's table and after a short talk, a deal was arranged whereby Frank could join MGM. This chance appearance at Carroll's helped to make Frank the important motion picture star he now is.

Frank doesn't expect that fate has stopped showing her hand. He expects further moments that will step into the years ahead and change the course of events. But he's not going to wait for them. He has already made plans to make three pictures—one on the last ten years of his life which will be called "The Sinatra Story." Then he'll do one on the next ten years of his life a decade from now.

"And if I'm not too old and can still sing," Frank chuckled, "I'll do a picture on the following ten years. You can see I'm a long range guy."

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 14

adults will enjoy as much as children...

Malaya MGM

TATING back to World War II days, 1 this stars Spencer Tracy, James Stewart, John Hodiak and Lionel Barrymore—and shows Sidney Greenstreet in a new light. As an ex-newspaperman once assigned to the Far East, Stewart possesses knowledge of where the United States can get a much-needed supply of crude rubber. Getting the Government's O.K., Stewart enlists the aid of Tracy, a one-time friend who is serving time for smuggling. Tracy, a what's-in-it-for-me boy, knows the rubber producing country of Malaya like he'd like to know Valentina Cortesa, the sultry cafe singer he left behind in the Jap occupied country. Tracy and Stewart do manage to get the rubber out of hidden caches and ferried down-river through Jap-infested jungle to a tanker. Only it isn't as simple as it reads.

Francis

Universal-International

HIS is an animal story—about a I mule, to be exact, who saves 2nd Lieutenant Donald O'Connor when he's wounded and lost behind enemy lines in Burma. There's nothing about the mule that's any different from other Army pack mules, except that this one talks. He calls himself *Francis*. Everyone thinks Donald is nuts, and so does Donald at first, but Francis keeps right on talking to him—and tells him such interesting things, too! Between them, with Francis doing the brain-work, they almost win

the War double-handed, capture a beautiful spy, Patricia Medina, and drive the U.S. Army brass crazy. A fantasy? Heck, no! Seeing Francis is believing.

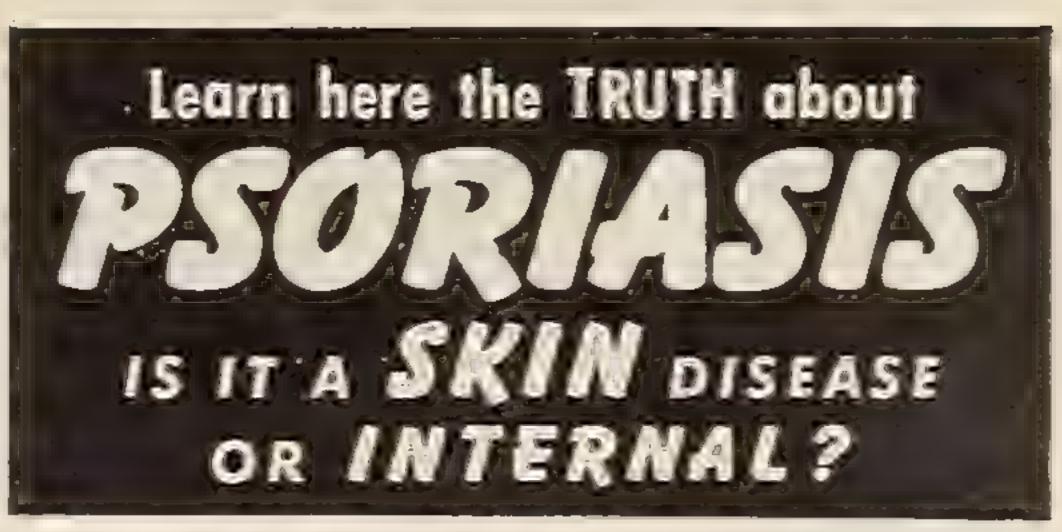
Always Leave Them Laughing

Warner Brothers

TT'S the whopping insight of a comedian's struggle to the top of the laugh meter. Milton Berle, as the comic who learns the ropes the hard way, shows he's as expert in the dramatic field as he is in his own particular brand of yak-getting. He, of course, romps away with most of the picture, but Ruth Roman, Virginia Mayo, Bert Lahr and others make nice watching, too. Starting as a borscht-circuit entertainer, Berle slugs the public's funnybone, wonders why he isn't a howling success, and winds up being thoroughly disliked. Then, a pretty awful thing happens that finally sets Berle on the right path. There's loads of Berlesque, and more than enough laughs.

Holiday Affair

ICE and very pleasant watching, I with Janet Leigh as the young woman whose husband was killed in the War. To preserve his memory she tries to bring up her young son, Gordon Gebert, to be a carbon copy of his father. Trying to live up to those ideals is tough on a kid, but Robert Mitchum turns up to show Janet how she's ruining the boy's life and her own by living in the past. It couldn't be nicer of Wendell Corey, who wants to marry Janet, to decide that maybe he can't help Janet and her son as much as charmer Mitchum. . . .



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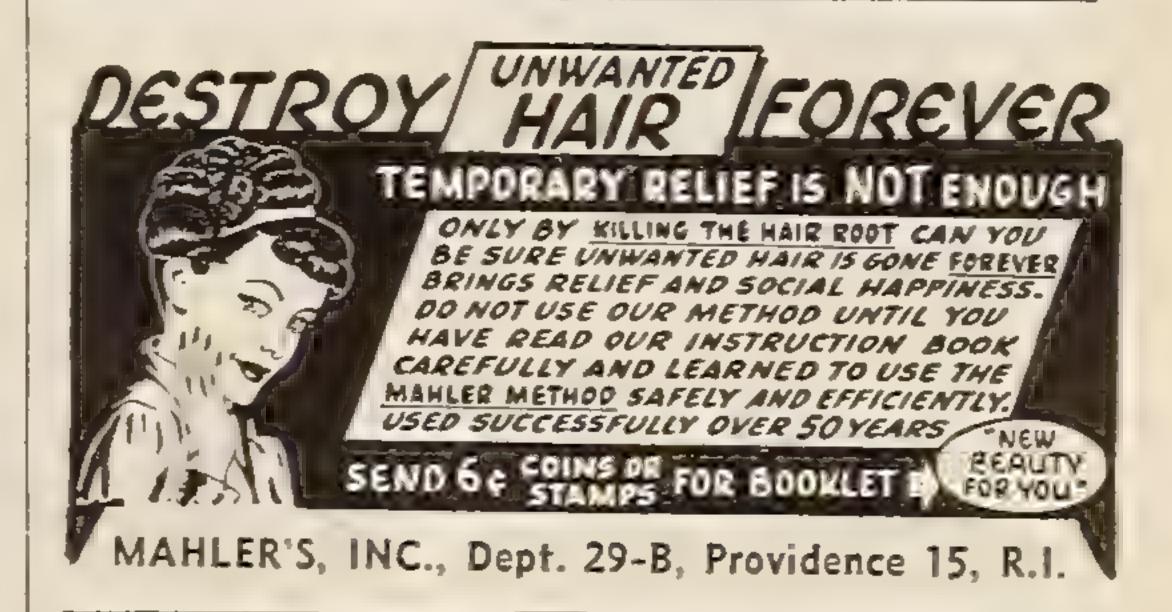
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United Artists

TEING a well-bred young lady and used to modern living in Boston during the early 1900's, Evelyn Keyes puts all that sort of fol-de-rol in back of her when she marries Sergeant Dick Powell of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Living conditions in the desolate North where Dick takes his bride prove just as hazardous as the law-enforcer's job—if not more so. Luckily for Evelyn, youth and love are on her side and for a time she adapts herself to rugged conditions. Facing motherhood, though, Evelyn becomes panicky—she wants a doctor at least. They move to a larger settlement and for over a year are very happy. Then a diptheria epidemic strikes, and Evelyn has a difficult choice of staying on, or leaving Dick for civilization. Solid entertainment, but often depressing.

The Story Of Seabiscuit

(Technicolor)

Warner Brothers

HORSE-LOVERS are probably one of the most fanatic cults that ever cheered anything to the finish line. In this story about Seabiscuit, the biggest money-making horse in racing history, you'll find yourself gladly becoming one of the clique along with Barry Fitzgerald, Seabiscuit's Irish trainer, and Lon Mc-Callister, his jockey. Shirley Temple, as Barry's niece, likes horses foine—b'gorra, but because her brother was killed in a

race, she tries to shy away from Lon and spare herself more grief. Though the romance lopes throughout the picture, the Biscuit's biography wins by at least six furlongs. (Those shots of actual races couldn't be more exciting if you had a double-sawbuck riding on his nose.) Can't think of anyone who won't like this—except maybe War-Admiral who the Biscuit beat in the greatest match race of American turfdom.

Whirlpool

20th Century-Fox

TECAUSE of hidden neurosis, Gene D Tierney, married to psychiatrist, Richard Conte, releases her frustrations in shoplifting. Rather than tell Conte of her problem, Gene goes to an astrologerhypnotist, Jose Ferrer, whom she met briefly. He gains her confidence, then by hypnotism involves her in murder, and the police, represented by Charles Bickford, produce proof that she had been conducting an affair with Jose. Though Gene isn't guilty on either count, the web of evidence woven around her seems impossible to break. Spine-chilling from start to finish, it's a great argument against quack practitioners of any sort.

Shadow On The Wall

MGM

ITTLE Gigi Perreau is the only witness to a murder which, because of circumstantial evidence, is pinned on her father, Zachary Scott. Unfortunately,

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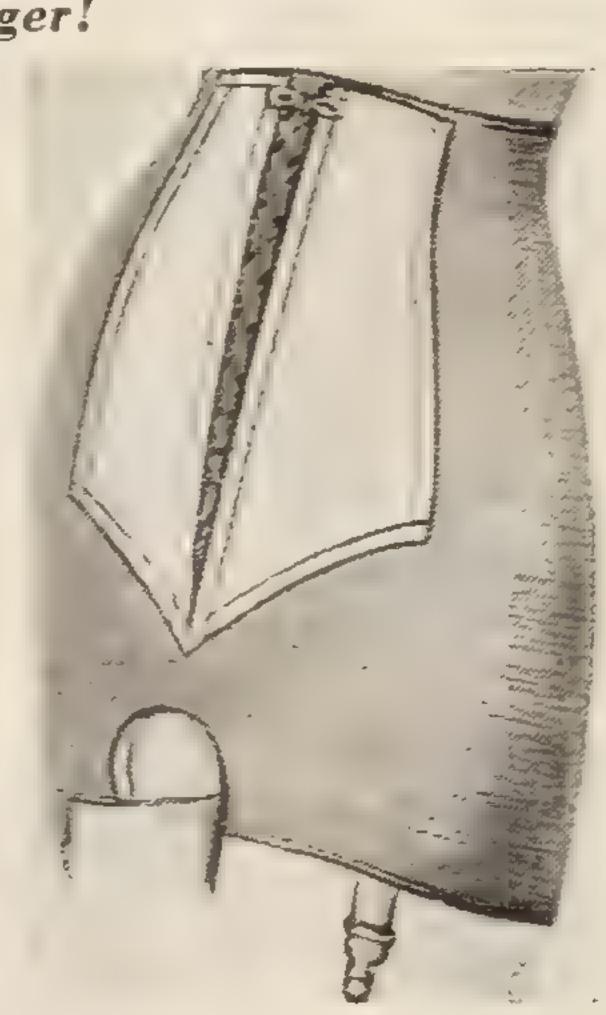
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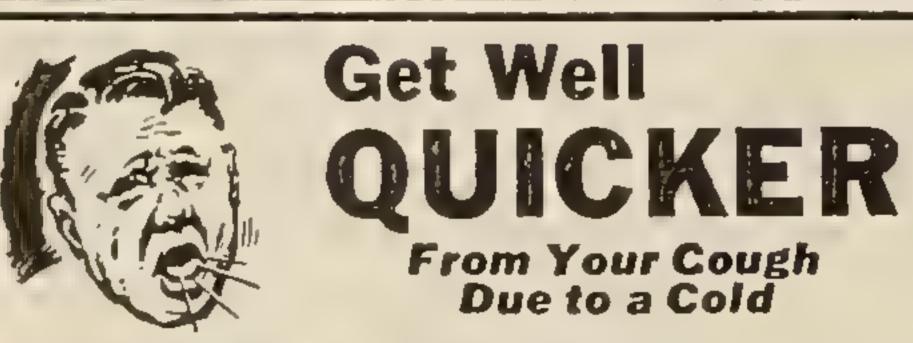
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Backfire

Warner Brothers

ORDON MACRAE, an ex-GI in a veteran's hospital, begins to think there's something amiss when his pal and future business partner, Edmond O'Brien, suddenly disappears. A beautiful mysterious siren, Viveca Lindfors, shows up at the hospital at the stroke of midnight, bringing the glad tidings that Edmond is lying somewhere with a broken back. When Gordon gets out of the hospital, he also learns Edmond is wanted for murder. With the aid of his ex-nurse, Virginia Mayo, he starts some private investigating. Dane Clark, who is an undertaker for this, also gives an assist. Everybody helps everybody, except the murderer who throws a business bonanza Dane's way. Not bad for a whodunit, but chances are, it won't take long to discover the killer's identity.

A Dangerous Profession

RKO

WHETHER the title applies to the bail bond business, which is what the picture is about, or the fact that actors get roped into pictures like this, is hard to say. George Raft and Pat O'Brien are confreres in a bail bond

enterprise. Life is good! Money is dripping out of the till and people are for real. Then Ella Raines steps out of Raft's past and things start happening fast.

Dear Wife

Paramount

AY, amusing family comedy that's a Continuation of "Dear Ruth." Edward Arnold, as the father, goes through an inhuman amount of frustrations, slowburns and general high-blood pressure because of his youngest offspring, Mona Freeman. This time, among other things, Mona gets her brother-in-law, William Holden, to run against papa in a senatorial race. The fact that Bill and wife Joan Caulfield are forced by finances to live with his in-laws doesn't aid matters. Civic-minded Mona succeeds in lousing up family relations to the extent that Joan decides to leave Bill, to the delight of Joan's ex-but-still persistent suitor, Billy DeWolfe.

The Man On The Eiffel Tower (Ansco color)

RKO Release

TEFINITELY a superior mystery, wherein the murderer engages in a battle of nerves with Surete Inspector, Charles Laughton. Filmed entirely in Paris, Laughton apprehends a not-toobright knife-sharpener, Burgess Meredith, for the murder of a wealthy American woman and her maid. Not satisfied with the evidence and believing Meredith is innocent, Laughton engineers it so Meredith will lead them to the murderer. He does, but that's only the beginning of Laughton's cunning sleuthing against a man whose mind is part genius and part maniac. Included in the super cast are Franchot Tone, Patricia Roc, Robert Hutton and Jean Wallace.

Glamour For The Red-Golds

Continued from page 16

tics and local modeling. John Robert Powers saw her and was instrumental in her becoming a New York fashion model. But modeling was not a sufficient outlet for Betty so she joined small theatre groups, played in Summer stock, did some radio work and studied. A Warner Bros. scout spotted Betty in 1948. She went to Hollywood where she had stellar roles in feature films and is now, as you know, with RKO. Upon telling me this, she mused for a moment, then said, "I had almost forgotten that childhood accident, but if it hadn't happened, I might certainly not be doing what I am now, for I am the only professional actress in my family. You might say that that car that bopped me over was a cloud with a Hollywood lining."

For readers with red-gold tones, here are Betty's ideas for playing your Titian coloring to the limit:

1. All makeup tones should be warm creamy, beige powder, warm coral in rouge, lipstick and nail polish. Pure red can sometimes be worn but avoid

blue-red in all makeup, especially a blue eye shadow. Brown is best for eyebrow pencil and mascara. Try soft green eye shadow or blend a blue and green for a soft effect.

- 2. Keep costume colors to earth tones such as beige, caramel, softened brown, green, warm red, yellowish pink and creamy yellow. Avoid blue red, sharp blue, mauve and candy pink. With proper makeup, black and white are for all types.
 - 3. Accent your happiest, gayest personality. Everyone loves laughter. Be friendly, be warm, be yourself.

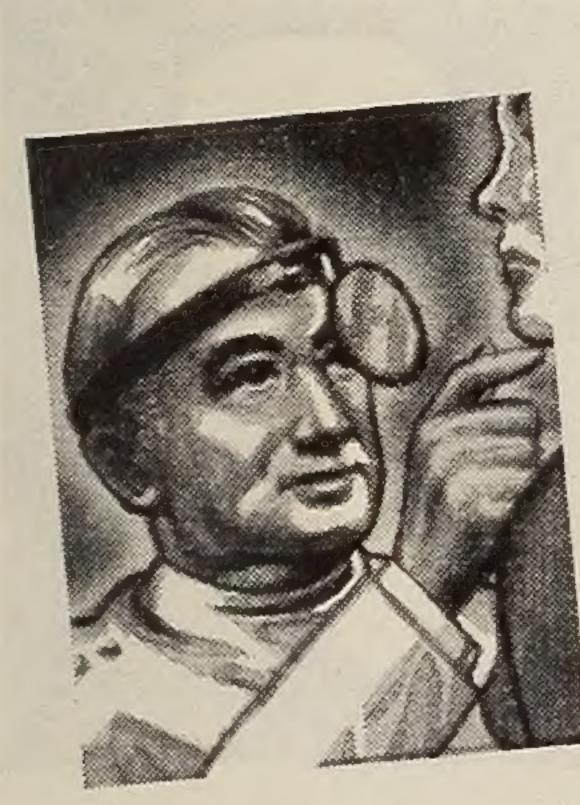
Suddenly, it was seven o'clock. "My date!" gasped Betty. "Oh, well," said I, "with your personality, you can explain all satisfactorily." When she laughed that merry, glad laugh, I knew she could.

Betty was leaving a day or two later to drive to Hollywood with a friend. I hope she is happy there now with fame and fortune in the future. You somehow believe that these should come her way.

ASHAMED OF YOUR FACE?

Famous Doctor Advises Anyone Suffering the Humiliation and Misery of Bad Skin—Externally Caused—TO TRY VIDERM PLAN

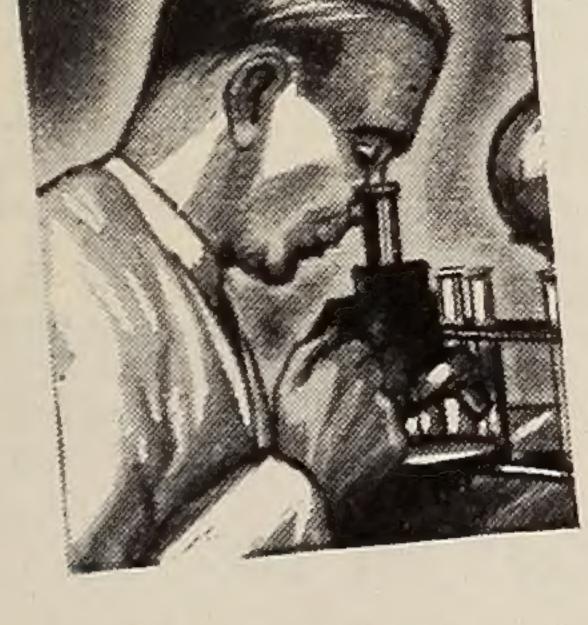
Clinical Tests Prove VIDERM Does Wonders for Pimply, Itchy-Blotchy Skin.



an eminent chemist (names sent on request) definitely prove by actual clinical tests that the Viderm Plan is of distinct benefit to men and women, boys and girls suffering the humiliation and misery of bad skin caused by pimples (Acne Simplex). These two scientists took a group of boys, girls, men and women ranging

famous New

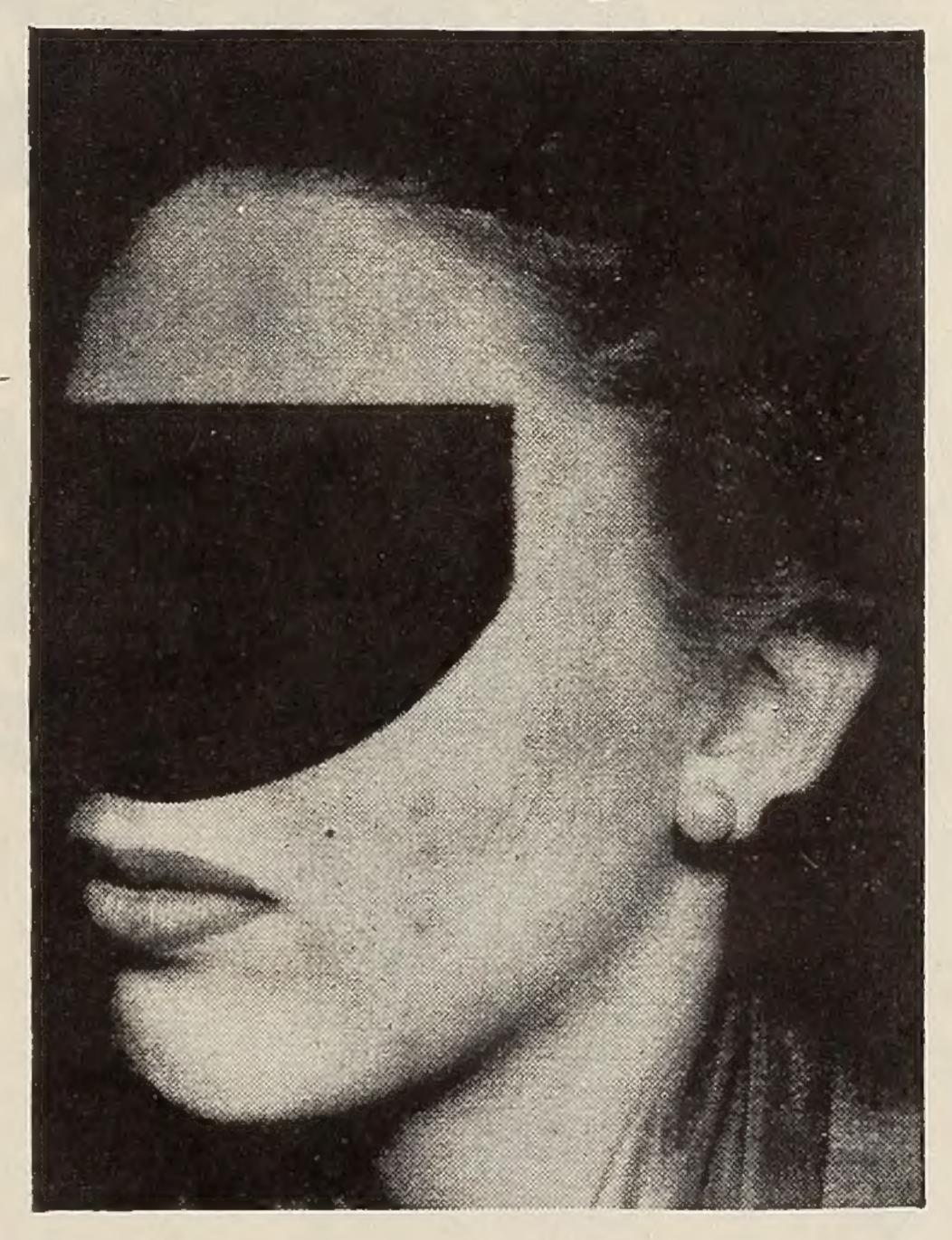
York doctor and



in ages from 16 to 36 with bad, blotchy, itching skins and treated them with nothing else but the regular 2-jar Viderm Plan containing VIDERM SKIN CLEANSER and VIDERM FORTIFIED MEDICATED CREAM.

The improvement in the skin and complexion of these patients was so gratifying that the doctor arrived at this conclusion: The VIDERM PLAN should be tried by anyone suffering from bad skin—externally caused.

The marked photos shown here are living proof that VIDERM can actually make your skin clearer and better looking almost daily—that your skin will show a dramatic improvement every blessed day!



BEFORE TREATMENT WITH VIDERM



AFTER VIDERM TREATMENT BY DOCTOR

Case 79: These untouched photos taken from real life by the doctor making this clinical Viderm test, show how Viderm has amazingly cleared skin of patient. This girl had pimples for more than 2 years before successful treatment with Viderm. Don't give up hope until you have tried Viderm for your skin! Here is dramatic proof that Viderm can do the same wonders for your skin in the same short time!

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In fact, the New York Skin Laboratory is so sure of it that they will refund the full purchase price if the VIDERM PLAN doesn't give you a clearer, love-

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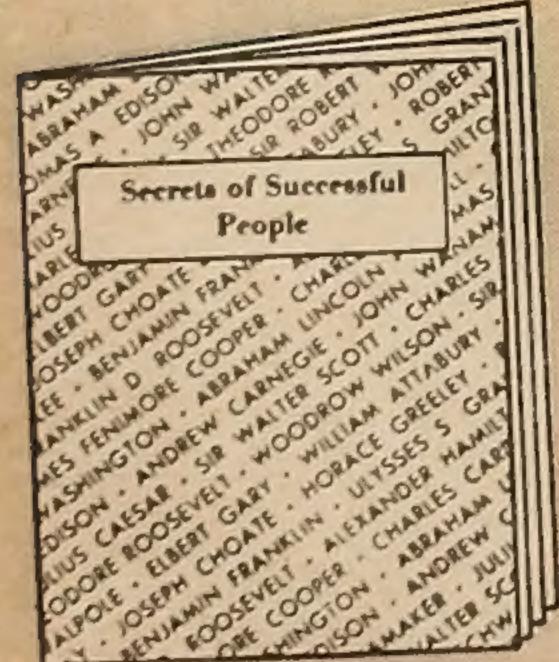
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